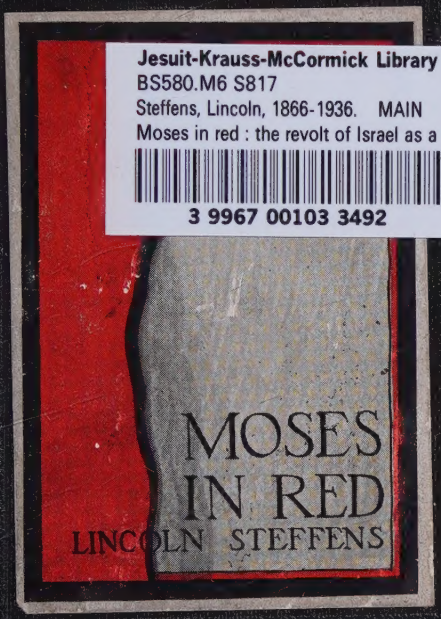
Jesuit-Krauss-McCormick Library
BS580.M6 S817
Steffens, Lincoln, 1866-1936. MAIN
Moses in red : the revolt of Israel as a
3 9967 00103 3492



ACCESSION NUMBER 57162

SHELF NUMBER BS 580 M6 S817

The Virginia Library

McCormick Theological Seminary

of the

Presbyterian Church, Chicago

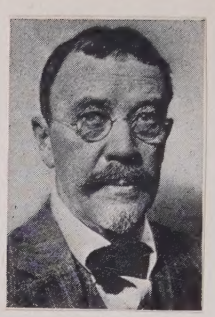
826 Belden Avenue

From

Received APR. 1927

MOSES IN RED

LINCOLN STEFFENS



BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

Moses in Red
The Shame of the Cities
The Struggle for Self-Government
Upbuilders
Out of the Muck
The Least of These

MOSES IN RED

THE REVOLT OF ISRAEL AS A TYPICAL REVOLUTION

BY

Joseph LINCOLN STEFFENS

PHILADELPHIA
DORRANCE AND COMPANY
Publishers

McCORMICK THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY LIBRARY,
CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT 1926
DORRANCE & COMPANY INC

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

580.M
S817

CONTENTS

Preface—The Point of View		9
I	A Miracle of Mercy	46
II	Moses: A Loyal Labor Leader	51
III	The Divine Conspiracy	60
IV	The Divine Sabotage	69
V	The Red Terror of God	82
VI	The Proving of a People	91
VII	Divine Law and Human Order	98
VIII	Songs and Dances, Idols and Onions	103
IX	The Slaughter of the Grown-Ups	114
X	The Wisdom, Justice and Love of God	129

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/mosesinredrevolt0000stef

MOSES IN RED

SEMINARY LIBRARY
CHICAGO

THE POINT OF VIEW

WHEN the Bullitt Mission was returning from Moscow in 1919, Mr. Arthur Ransome, the English writer, came out with us. He had been in Russia all through the Revolution and the experience had wrought a revolution in him. One of the effects that he liked to talk about was the radically fresh sense it had given him for the classics of literature. Many of the old masterpieces were new to him, so new that he was startled at times to discover how much there was in them that he had not found before; and in others, how little.

There were writers he could not read any more, famous names, he said. They did not really know. But there were those others that did know. They did not have to go through such a tragedy as he had been witnessing to learn what the revolution revealed of life and man. They knew it already. Their grasp of what they had experienced or divined was so true that, however unrelated their themes might seem to be to a revolution, the people and the pictures they drew, the stories they told, could be read in the red light of Russia without revulsion, with satisfaction, pleasure, profit. These are the immortals, no doubt. They will stand the critical

test of the successive extremes of progressive human experience.

Mr. Ransome went into detail, naming his authors and quoting their wisdom. He said that Shakespeare, for example, was still rich reading, richer than ever. And he mentioned the famous men whose writings he could not follow any more. I shall not attempt to recall his very revolutionary criticism. He was going to write it himself some day, a book about books, men and things seen "In the Red Light of Revolution." That or something like it was to be his title for an essay that might be very well understood.

We all have had similar experiences. Books read when we were young seem different when we are older and riper. Some we can repeat with growing wonder; these stay on our handy shelves. Others we take up only to lay them down again with a shock of disappointment. And, more explicitly, everyone that has lived through a deeply felt crisis either in his own or in the common life—a personal tragedy or a war, any disillusionment or any inspiring effort—has found his old favorites new—or dead. Our increased understanding sharpens our eyes and our ears for the seers and the prophets of old.

I remember how, when I was writing exposures, so-called, of the shame of the cities, states and corporate business in the United States (1900-1910), and narrating rather bitterly the

defeated struggles of heroic leaders to reform politics and government, I happened to pick up and read again the New Testament. Casually begun, that reading was an amazing revelation to me. The story of Jesus had a new meaning. I might say that, for the first time, it had a meaning. The story of Jesus in Jerusalem was the story of all the reformers in all the cities that I was telling over and over as news. I had been writing gospels; I had been rewriting the gospel.

My cities also had been looking for a redeemer. Their good citizens had told themselves, believing it, that they only awaited a Messiah to sally forth in mass and set the crooked ways straight. And my reformers—all sorts of men, some eminent, some as lowly and unlikely as the Carpenter —had come, preached, labored in vain. They had been denounced, the best of them had been crucified by those very same good citizens, the Righteous that had accused Jesus and "got Him" finally; by the Pharisees who pray for and expect the Messiah forever and always miss Him when He appears because they expect Him to be a king and proclaim their ideas as His.

The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were true to me—vividly, presently true. The higher critics might question phrases and passages, the scientific historians might declare the whole Book unproven. They could not move me. They are weak in their premises because they are limited in their inquiries. They depend

upon old manuscripts and new-found texts; they search legal and official records and stand hard and fast upon the evidences of profane history, which is as unproved as the Biblical account of the trial of Jesus before Pilate. They overlook another source of evidence for Biblical, poetical and historical traditions and beliefs: the news of the day. That is the source Arthur Ransome tapped—that is where we all go to school all our lives. Our own experience and current history teach us the living truth and, as we live and learn it, we can reread, not only Shakespeare and the classics, but all the old stories: myths, fairy tales, and likewise any chapter of history the historians please to offer us; we can read these old things easily, freely and afresh just as we read a modern novel or a sensational news report—as we ourselves grow wiser (in our bones) we can read and feel (in our bones) that this tale has verisimilitude and that history has not. We know something now. We know which stories are true to life, which are not. And that is a test.

If history ever is a science, the historian will have some such measure as this by which, like the astronomer with his mathematical formulas, he can gauge events reported out of the past and predict the course of the future. He will know, for example, that the good, better and best people oppose all prophets of good. He will suspect that any historical hero that was popular in his own day was not really heroic; that the contemporary

praise of him is propaganda; that there was something wrong somewhere with him. And so he will seek back of any particularly odious villain for the reasons of the righteous for damning him. Or, if a crucified villain of his own day is sanctified later as a godlike hero, the historian will pass beyond the given reasons for the canonization, to the real and suppressed services of the hero. History repeats itself, we say, and it is probably in these repetitions that the key to the truth will be found. The repetitions of history are bases for a science of history which will give us acid tests for any report, whether of the past or of the present; and a torch for prophecy.

The story of Jesus would stand that test. It is true to the very life; it is one of a long series of classic repetitions. I recognized it because I knew the story of Ben Lindsey in Denver; of Mark Fagan in Jersey City; of Tom Johnson in Cleveland; of Francis J. Heney in Arizona, Oregon, California, Chicago and Washington, D. C. I had written their stories; they were bone of my bone and so I knew that the reports of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John concerning Jesus in Jerusalem were pretty good reporting of some things that really happened.

And I remember how, being filled with this revelation, I went into the churches to hear again, in a new mood, the sermons of the priests and ministers of the Christ. Humbly I went, naively perhaps, but eagerly, willing to believe with and

follow them. My theory was that I had not understood them when I was younger and that now, as with the New Testament itself, I might understand them better. I had my doubts. I had seen them in politics, watched them and their congregations in reform movements. I could hardly believe that they would preach Christ wholly and literally because a part of the truth—not all, but a very essential, central fact—was that Jesus was a reformer. He was more, He was a revolutionist. The doctrine of Jesus is the most revolutionary propaganda that I have ever encountered. He was against all the evils my reformers were against, and others besides. Jesus denounced interest on money; He opposed the state; He was an anarchist, and His followers practised communism. If the Christian churches preached Christ they would preach revolution, or at the least, reform. And they did not preach those things.

The Christian churches do not preach Christ. They preach the Old Testament, they preach St. Paul, they preach what they themselves believe in and try to do; they do not preach what Jesus preached or what He and His apostles did in the Acts. If they did, if the Christians and the Christian churches could be converted to Christianity, the world could be reformed and the Christians saved, they and all men; wars would cease, peace would be permanent, business would be a service instead of a graft or a gamble; and

evolution would proceed without revolution. But how can this be?

In the course of the latter five years of my muckraking, I went to church all over the United States. Wherever I happened to be on a Sunday I made it a practice to go to church, any church. I heard thus the preachments of many, very many, denominations. I repeat:

I never heard a Christian sermon preached in a church. And I mean now, not that I did not hear revolution and social reform—I soon ceased from expecting anything fundamental from the fundamentalists—I mean that I never heard love and understanding taught as Christ's substitute for righteousness and force, the force of righteousness. And it is a substitute, Christian and scientific. Christianity is scientific. If human acts have causes; not only reasons and not merely motives, but physical and social conditions to account for them, then Christ's commandment of infinite mercy, to judge not, is sound. But the churches do not see it so. They judged. Three times when, to test them, I asked leave and was permitted to tell myself the plain story of Jesus in its local, present significance, it drove the Christians out of the temple and got the hospitable minister into trouble. I spoke very gently, in Christ's spirit of mercy for sinners; and I preached forgiveness for those others that Jesus did not embrace in His love. He said that He came to save sinners, not the righteous. Believing as I did and do that the worst sinners are the righteous and that they, more than any others, are in

need of salvation, I preached love for them also, for the "good" people, for the correct, law-abiding, respectable men and women who follow the letter and let the spirit go. It was no use. They did not, they do not, perhaps they *can* not understand. The Book is true to the life there also. The righteous can hardly be saved.

Being moral, the righteous do not know that they are sinners, nor how and wherein they sin. They do not seek salvation. Their prayer is for immortality, which, they were told and will not believe, is as impossible for them with their heavy load of "goodness" as it is for the camel to get his burden under the arch of the needle. And the simple reason is that they have not had the kind of experience I am talking about. They have read the news of the day, they have seen the war won and the peace lost; they have taken part in reform movements in their cities and heard of the revolutions elsewhere; they have witnessed all the events of our time, listened to the groans of the wounded, mourned the dead—but they themselves have not felt and so learned from those experiences. They have not asked why such things can be. They have righteously judged the victims; they have even condemned the events. "This revolution and these reformers have gone too far. They are hurting business. Away with them—to Pilate." So they have said, these would-be reformers; and the pacifists: "This war was a just war, this one, and God was with it and us, but Woodrow Wilson failed to make his promised

peace. Let him die." They never have seen the resemblance they bear to this most representative of American presidents, the impious idealist, the unscientific historian, who had no reverence for the revealed facts of the natural history of wars and peace-makings and for the natural laws of God. They have never suspected themselves of being the patrons and profiteers of the "good business" that makes bad government, good wars, hateful peace and most of our other "evils"; they have opposed change and reforms, but they have never noticed that they are thus the opponents of progress, good and God. Never. From the time they haled Jesus into court, on down to the last time they voted against reform, for safety first and prosperity forever, they, the pitied or the despised of all the prophets, have never seen themselves as their Christ saw and described them. He did not mean them, they think. He said the righteous, but He meant, He *must* have meant the self-righteous, the bad people, the sinners who do not come to the synagogue. No. They, the good, have never had that deep-searching, personal experience of their own errors and sins which, according to their mumbled creeds, would enable them to understand and apply to themselves in their homes, shops and cities, the scientific truth of their religion. Christianity is too big, too beautiful and too true for the Christians.

Hence, the fact: the churches opposed, first or last, every essential reform that I watched in my day. Hence the impossibility of evolution by practical re-

forms. And hence, finally: revolution. Which brings us to the Old Testament and Moses.

Revolutions, like wars, are social-economic explosions due to human (political) interference with natural (and, therefore, divine) laws and forces which make for the gradual growth or constant change called evolution.

"I believe in evolution, not revolution," says the righteous citizen. So would the revolutionist prefer evolution, if he had his choice. Nobody likes revolutions; they are violent, messy, stormlike affairs which are almost impossible to manage and direct. The revolutionist would rather work out his reforms in the comparative quietude of evolution. But that is quite impossible. The "evolutionist" won't permit it. The "evolutionist" works always for revolution, not knowingly, of course. He does not do anything knowingly. But the fact that he unwittingly uses the methods of violence he deplores only exasperates the honest reformer who would willingly go slow if only he were allowed to go. The "evolutionist" will not go at all. There is a definition of a pessimist as a man who has just met an optimist. In that spirit, revolutionists are reformers who have been up against the righteous political evolutionists. For evolution, if it means anything in political economy, is a process of reformation of old laws, customs and institutions to make them conform to the social, economic, and psychological changes that are occurring all the time. When society passes, however unintentionally, from hand-labor to machinery, man-made laws, constitutions and customs

must be altered and should be allowed to change consciously and easily. It is this that the conservative blocks. He does not know it because, being righteous, he has to believe that he is for reform in general; he merely happens to find himself (and his interest) against each and every particular reform that strikes at the root of his old "rights" and privileges. What he cannot see is that the effect in general of his resistance in particular is to incite the maddened revolutionists and the mad revolution.

A revolution is a natural phenomenon, as natural and as understandable as a flood, a fire or a war, a financial depression, an epidemic of disease or a pimple on the nose. It has its causes and its natural history. And it should be preventable, therefore, but not by prayer and not by force. God obeys His own laws. Arresting revolutionists does not arrest the revolution any more than prohibition stops drinking. Force only puts off the red day as a warlike peace treaty carries on the process of war. The prayerful but impious pacifists, who do not seek the causes of war but would only forbid the arming of nations, should bring up their boys to be, not soldiers, perhaps—soldiers get killed—but officers. Pacifists rank with the evolutionists who fight the revolutionists with police force; they both are, like Pharaoh in the story of Moses, fellow-conspirators for the explosion which must break through all merely righteous conservatism—lest the people perish, as the Egyptians did, and the Greeks and the Romans, leaving only their names behind. The modern Egyptians, the modern Greeks, and the Italians in Rome today, are fit

survivors of their "moral culture," which is ours. But, then, there is another culture growing up amongst us, a culture that tells us how to avoid the fate of the ancients.

The scientific culture that is coming in spite of the opposition of the righteous, teaches us that what we have to do to prevent revolutions, wars and all our so-called evils, is to study the forces involved in them, trace their workings back to their original, continuing misuse, correct that and so deal scientifically with causes. We followed this method when we examined the lightning and turned its terrors into electric light and power. We discovered then that what we had dreaded as an evil was good. And whenever we have looked reverently (scientifically) into a "bad" thing, we have found it made up of "good" elements. It is the pious belief of the high priests of science that there is no evil; that all the forces and all the laws of nature are good, *i. e.,* beneficent of God and blessings to man, if he will but learn to understand and use them. Legislators should be or they should consult, not lawyers, but biologists, chemists and economists. Lawyers study and live upon man-made laws. The scientists alone look for and learn the laws of God. Not the priests any more, and not yet the historians and political critics; they take the moral point of view, talk in the terms of superstition, and judge men and events by their standards of right and wrong. According to science, which is the only living religion in the world today, all nature is a book of revelations, every laboratory experiment is a worship and every

natural phenomenon—whether it be a chemical reaction or a poem, a war or a revolution—is a sign of the hand, the voice and the knowledge of God, and as such to be respected; and so described.

The Bible sets an example. The Old Testament story of the revolt and the exodus of Israel is the history of a revolution, and it has the hand of God acting and His voice speaking all through it; literally. Jehovah is a character; He is the leading person in the plot of that great drama. The theologians dispute whether to read it literally or symbolically, but that makes no essential difference. The story rings true in the way that the New Testament gospels of Jesus ring true. The narrative follows the course of a typical revolution. Let Jehovah personify and speak for Nature; think of Moses as the uncompromising Bolshevik; Aaron as the more political Menshevik; take Pharaoh as the ruler who stands for the Right (the conservative "evolutionist"), and the Children of Israel as the people—any people; read the Books of Moses thus and they will appear as a revolutionary classic. Anyone that has gone through a revolution will recognize, not only the *dramatis personæ* of the story, but the regular stages of its progress, the typical individual and mob psychology, the tragic disappointments and excesses, and the comic criticisms and excuses of every such crisis in the affairs of men.

It seems necessary, however, to go through a revolution to see this. It was for me. I reread the Old Testament at the time my reform experiences made the New Testament so illuminating to me. I read it,

thinking that, if the one book meant so much, the other would enlighten me likewise. I got little from the Books of Moses then and I realize now that the reason was the old one: I did not know enough to learn more. I knew nothing about a revolution. Worse still, I thought I did. Believing that the defeat of reforms meant that the more drastic change was due, I had been reading revolutionary history and theory, and to such an extent, that I was sure I knew all about a revolution. I had such a complete picture in my well-read head of what a revolution would be like that I could not recognize the uprising, flight and reorganization of the Egyptian Jews as a revolution. The miracles in the old priestly history helped to throw me off the track. All I got out of it was the little the churches get and give: Moses' doctrine and practice of righteousness, which Jesus had "fulfilled" and superseded with His experienced scorn of the law-abiding and His summing up of the ten negative commandments into one positive counsel of love. And as for Moses' practice: his government by priests, with its imitators in Rome, New England and Utah, was an experiment in and a complete exposure of the failure of the theory that good men will give us good government. The government by priests and judges went the way of all government.

The story of Moses as a law-giver, and of the Children of Israel as a chosen people, deepened my darkness. I saw the light of Moses, the revolutionist, and of his people as any nation in the throes of birth, later.

When the World War broke in 1914, I was in Europe, preparing to muckrake England, France, Germany

and Italy. I had gone far enough in my secret investigations to see that the same system of corruption which reigned in all American cities, states and business corporations, dominated Europe, too. There was some law at work, parallels of identical forces which made the social problem one and the same problem everywhere. The only difference between the United States and Europe was that due to time. The process of corruption was farther advanced abroad than at home, and old Italy was deeper in it than France, which was as much farther gone than England as France is older in experience and culture than England. Germany was the least corrupted, the nearest to the United States—the best of the big "bad" world governments I had studied, because it is the youngest. All of them, however, were so corrupt that—according to my theory—they could not be saved by reforms. Nothing but the revolution could adjust them to the economic changes that had occurred in our civilization and the strain of the war would precipitate THE revolution. I did not, therefore, go to the front. I went to the rear. I decided to make a study of revolutions. I took a boat and went to Mexico because there was a revolution there. On a theory again.

If one corrupted city was like every other city, if all states were alike and all countries—all governments in one and the same process of corruption; if one reform movement, whether in New York, San Francisco or Jerusalem was typical of all reforms, then, I reasoned, one revolution would furnish me with the key to all revolutions. The Mexican revolution would prepare

me for the European revolution. And, that a human mind has to be thus prepared by experience to see straight, was illustrated the moment I landed at Vera Cruz. I met there a committee of socialists, sent from Italy, France and Spain to report whether the Mexican revolution was a "true" revolution, worthy of the sympathy and support of the Latin revolutionists of Europe. They had made their investigation and were about to sail for home to report against the Mexican revolt. Why?

It was not according to Marx! It had occurred, not in a highly capitalized country, but in a backward country with an undeveloped industrial system among an unorganized, illiterate people who knew nothing of socialism and little of labor unions. It had no clearly defined Socialist purposes; it was all mixed up: politics, economics, civil wars and graft; it was guilty of all sorts of cruel excesses, worse than the evils a revolution was intended to correct.

I went on through the Mexican revolution, most of the time on the inside among the leaders, and I found that all the counts of that Socialist Committee were true; and more beside, many more. From Mexico I went off to Russia when the revolution occurred there, and I have been following it ever since, that and the other revolutionary movements in Europe. I cannot say whether the Mexican or even the Russian revolution is a true Marxian revolution, because I do not know any more what is meant by that phrase. My own theory of "the" revolution and most of the written theories suffered in the revolutions I saw very much as

the governments did that they exploded under. Theory was blown all to pieces. But I did what Marx did, when, after writing at length about "the" revolution, he witnessed the Paris Commune. He altered his theory to conform to the facts; I acted upon the same pious scientific principle that, whenever an actual experience in nature runs counter to our expectations, it is probable that Nature is right and that our theory was wrong.

Regardless, then, of theory, mine, Marx's and everybody else's; regardful only of the facts, I say with assurance that the Mexican and the Russian revolutions revolved in their courses as like as two stars.

There is in that statement, if true, a basis for a science of revolution; there is in it an implication that revolutions are governed by some natural (economic-psychological-social) laws which make them alike and, therefore, understandable and perhaps manageable, if not avoidable. Having seen this parallel of two revolutions, I went back and read again the classic accounts of the other great historical revolutions and I found that they were, in all essentials, like the Russian and the Mexican revolutions. The laws held; whatever they are, the natural laws of revolution were always obeyed and they were not recognized by the historians, critics and statesmen only because they knew but one revolution or none. When I knew New York alone, I could only see and write that Boss Croker was to blame for the corruption. It was not till I knew St. Louis and saw there another boss with another name, but the same backers, methods and effects as Croker in New

York, that I could describe the Boss as an institution and the boss system as a natural development out of the conditions common to all cities at a certain stage of growth under our universal culture.

When I had seen two revolutions and had understood several more, I looked around for some classic revolutions which everybody was familiar with. An incident (recounted in my first chapter) recalled the Books of Moses. I took up the Bible and I reread once more the story of the Exodus of the Children of Israel, and lo and behold, there it was: The Revolution. I knew (in my bones) now, that that famous old story was a true report of an historical event. No doubt about it. The original tellers of the tale may have twisted it in the telling; that happens in a revolution always. There is propaganda in all great conflicts. The early hearers of the tale may have "improved" the story in the retelling; that also occurs to this day. No doubt the priestly scribes, copyists and preachers edited copy, interpolating and cutting. We still do this sort of thing, and we do it better than the compilers of the old Books of Moses did it. They did not make clean copy. They left the scars of their blue pencils; they wrote a "better" version of an incident and did not throw away the old one. The two or three accounts of some of the chief and most puzzling events, like that of the face-to-face meeting of Moses, the prophet, with his God, remain quarreling still in our text. The Book was a Bible in those old days, too; for centuries before as well as since the birth of Christ, the Books of Moses were the Law, the authority upon

which men were governed and, sometimes, misgoverned by a government of priests and judges. The temptation to make the Word of God direct a people to do what the successive generations of ruling priests and lawyers wanted them to do, must have been irresistible to a church that knew (as churches always do know) what is good and what is bad for men to hear and believe. The New Testament texts have suffered from this sort of righteousness. The Roman Catholic Church opposed the translation of the whole Bible into any vulgar (spoken) language of the Middle Ages on the theory that it was a safe book only in those few passages which the priests might carefully choose to retell in their cautious interpretations for the faithful.

Making every allowance for errors, priestcraft and politics in the Books of Moses, however, I hold to my thesis that they give an essentially true account of a typical revolution and that they are therefore worth studying as such. We have to make a science of sociology and we cannot do that so long as we look upon some social events with horror. The mind of man shies at revolutions, wars and other disasters in history, especially in the news of the day. We behave like a cab-horse that I saw meet the first automobile in New York. The new vehicle was coming swiftly towards him. He saw it suddenly when it was close upon him. The poor beast stopped in his tracks and, from terror or amazement, collapsed. His hind legs sprawled from under him and he actually sat down, his mouth open, his eyes and his ears fixed upon that new and unknown apparition. All Europe and North

America sat down on their haunches before the Russian revolution; they haven't stood up to it yet. Able observers have gone into Russia to investigate it, as the Labor Socialists went into Mexico, and most of them have come out and reported that the Russian revolution was not according to Marx, or not up to their own expectations of a revolution. This is one of the incidents common to all revolutions: the outside world does not like them. People see only the excesses of it, and these they exaggerate. Moses had his experience with the investigators. The committee of chiefs he sent to spy out the Land of Promise came back with a majority report that the country was full of giants and that it would take hard fighting and long labor to make of it the heaven on earth that they had dreamed of. They preferred to go back to Egypt and servitude, and the people were with the pessimists. Jehovah, who, like Nature, was offering them not a heaven on earth but only an opportunity to make one, saw their uselessness and commanded them to wander off into the wilderness and die. Only their children, brought up in liberty, should inherit the land and liberty.

Minds as scientific as those of Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells, and spirits as bold and revolutionary as Emma Goldman, reported against the Promised Land of Russia; they preferred England and the United States. They believe in evolution, not revolution. Well, they are getting evolution. Their children may go over into the New Russia some day; they themselves shall wander around in the wilderness of peace confer-

ences, politics, constitutional liberty, strikes, debate and race poverty till they die. England! One of the Bullitt Mission, an American social worker, stayed awhile in Russia to spy out the conditions there. When he returned to London, he "took a look" at the English slums and, comparing the slow hunger there with the sharp famine of Petrograd, he said the English misery was worse. "This one generation of Russians is suffering acutely physically," he told us. "In England the poor have been underfed for so many generations that they have no spirit. The Russians have hope; the English are contented."

A revolution is a horror, of course, and no men like either to see or to be in one. The Russian revolution so shocked the people of Europe that they turned from it and from revolution as a way out; Organized Labor, even the Socialists, and most of the Anarchists revolted against the (Russian) revolution. Fascism rose in Italy, the Ku Klux Klan in the United States. It seemed to me as I traveled about Europe that ninety-nine per cent of the people became conservative and the elections have shown that the majority against a violent change is very great. But the needs of the peoples remain; the forces making toward revolution are at work. The people have merely given proof once more that they do not want, if they can help it, to follow the Labor and revolutionary Moses. They prefer their old leaders, the Pharaohs of our day. Unquestionably the opportunity is here now again for the captains and the kings to choose evolution and so avoid revolution. The only question is whether they will

seize it. History says they will not. History and the Bible say that, this plague over, they will not let the people go. They will become not more liberal but more conservative, not more wise but more grasping and foolish, and the process has begun. Reactionary policies are universal; in France, England, the United States, Italy and Germany. That may bring on the revolution, that and that alone. Not the revolutionists.

Revolutionists do not make a revolution. When I arrived, among the first visitors to Petrograd after the April Revolution had started, I found no leading revolutionists there. The leaders were in exile; they came back afterwards, but they were not there when the break began, and the lesser leaders who were there said that they had not expected what happened. The government did. The machine guns were still in place on the tops of buildings to deal with a revolution no revolutionist knew was coming; I saw them and I saw the government plans for the defense of the city against a revolution that only the government looked and planned for. The Russian government, knowing what they were doing; knowing that the soldiers in the trenches were not being fed and that the people in the cities were without bread, thought to anticipate the revolt that was indeed due, by getting the crowds out into the streets and, as in 1905, shooting the fear of God into them. And the soldiers would not shoot. That started the Russian revolution, for which conditions were ripe: a piece of cunning government folly. That is typical. History shows in its regular repetitions that the reactionary forces make what the revo-

lutionists only prepare for. The Tsar, President Diaz of Mexico, the Kings of France, they and their oligarchies of leading citizens, all did what the Books of Moses tell us Pharaoh did: they drove the people to revolt. There were not only no reforms for their groanings, there were heavier burdens, bricks without straw, till Nature—call it Human Nature; call it economic pressure or a psychological cave-in; according to the Bible it was Jehovah that raised up the leader, Moses,—formed the conspiracy and hardened Pharaoh's heart to commit the final folly which started the exodus: a natural phenomenon, a human tragedy, a divine comedy.

The tragedy of revolutions, however, is not only that they happen, but that they fail. They revolve. They make a complete and almost a perfect circle. The French revolution left France with the old economic system practically unchanged and, having distributed the land, made the French people as conservative as the old landlords. Of course: same cause, same effect. The American revolution (not economic but political) achieved a constitution modeled upon the English government of that day and, fixing its mobile features in written law, left the United States harder to change than England. The Mexican revolution has not yet run its course; it is not back to its starting point, but it seems to be on the way; a Diaz is about due; a Mexican (dictator) president, representing American, English, Spanish and other (mostly foreign) big business interests, not Mexico and not the Mexican people. The Mexican people will be again nothing but Labor work-

ing for their foreign employers, with "their" government policing them and shooting them down as strikers. And, as for the Children of Israel, their good government of priests and judges wheeled around back to a Pharaoh in wise King Solomon's days of glory.

The waste of this is, let me say mildly, unscientific. If revolutions are to occur, man has to learn to manage them. And that can be done. No doubt the only thing the first navigators knew to do when a storm arose at sea was to put for the shore. As they ventured farther and farther from land and were caught where they could not get back, they learned, some of them, to weather a gale, and so sailors learned to sail the high seas. But the men of science had to organize the knowledge that goes into the art of navigation, and thus with wars, revolutions and other crises in political and social navigation. The science of them is lacking. I saw Madera and later Carranza whirled about helpless in the Mexican revolution and, conscientious men and humble in their troubles, they used to ask—me, anybody—what they should do. There was no one to tell them; not in the whole world was there anybody who could say what to do at each new turn of the terrific storm, and Madera and Carranza were drowned. It was pitiful to see them killed, as they were, at the hands of men, but really by the unknown law of revolutionary psychology.

Lenin did better in Russia. He was not drowned. He was shot, but not killed, and he held the Russian revolution to a course. It was not always a straight course; the rocks and the winds that turned the others

rose in his way, too, and he tacked, but he never was lost. He knew when he was off the course, he knew always where it lay, and so he could head back when the storm abated; as he did.

This Lenin could do because he had about all the science there was on his subject. He was an historian and an economist. There is not much science in either history or economics; not nearly enough for the statesman who wants, not only to live and hold power, but to make headway toward changing the comic repetitions of social tragedy. But he had the little there was; he and several of the leaders of the Russian revolution steered their course with the history of revolutions in their hands, so to speak. I never had with them a conversation in which they did not refer to revolutionary history, and especially the French, which to them was always the classical warning. Their interest in me was less in my mission than in the "points" I could give them from Mexican revolutionary parallels. They did not know enough about revolutions, and they knew it. They had a "theory"—that is what Lenin called his knowledge—but they knew that their theory of revolution was defective; their own experiences showed them that no known theory was complete and perfectly sound. And that was their tragedy. They were statesmen in a position where they had a practical use for history and a social science, and they suffered and millions of Russians have perished for the lack—of knowledge.

"What we need," said Lenin to me in 1919, "is a revision of all our theories in the light of the war, the

peace and this and the other revolutions. I can't undertake it. I can't even change my own ideas very much. When you are in action you cannot stop to theorize; it is difficult even to think. I have to live in the country to think clear. But if there were scientific men outside, in America, England—Europe—they could look on and they could study, think and tell us. We need criticism. The captains in all crises really need the counsel of wise, thoughtful, sympathetic observers safely, quietly out of the storm center. But there is no such criticism; there are no such critics. All we get is the ignorant horror at the signs of our distress, the height of the waves, the discipline of the crew and the number of poor devils washed overboard. That is no help. We feel all this, more than our critics do. What we want to know is how to get through the difficulties to an objective, which is the aim of all men who have a purpose in life. We differ about the route; we agree on the port—all of us."

The horrors of a revolution are never singular; they are the ever-recurring symptoms and signs of the natural phenomenon they accompany—always. This one can see by observing that they occur regularly in all revolutions, some of them in all social crises. There are killings and terrors, loot and destruction, in a war or a strike. The side or the leaders blamed for them do not always wish for and command them. They also deplore them. When I asked Lenin officially about the terror, he whirled on me fiercely.

"Who wants to ask us about our killings?" he demanded.

"Paris," I said, meaning, as he well understood, the Peace Conference.

"Do you mean to tell me that those men who have just generaled the slaughter of seventeen millions of men in a purposeless war are concerned over the few thousands that have been killed in a revolution which has a conscious aim—to get out of the necessity of war and—and armed peace?"

He stood a moment facing me with his blazing eyes, then quieting down, he said:

"But never mind, do not deny the terror. Don't minimize any of the evils of a revolution. They occur. They must be counted upon. If we have to have a revolution, we have to pay the price of it."

That is the point. The evils of revolution happen in a revolution. They have to be studied, therefore; not merely shied at, but examined and then, perhaps, when they are understood scientifically, they can be avoided or used. Take a few of them, for example: the "excesses" that shocked not only the public opinion of the world, but the theoretical minds of the scientists and even of some revolutionists. Take the dictatorship, democracy, the terror, and "liberty."

Both the Mexican and the Russian revolutions ran straight to a dictatorship. Looking back in history it appears that all other revolutions took on the form of an autocracy. Moses was the chief, the absolute ruler of the Exodus. But so do all great social crises develop into dictatorships. The Jews, the Russians and the Mexicans had lived under that form of government; it was the arrangement they were accustomed

to. It might be peculiar to them to return to it. But during the World War all the modern governments changed from their old "democratic" to the autocratic form. Great Britain made Lloyd George a dictator, France ended up with Clemenceau as the absolute ruler, and the United States, for all its fixed representative form and hard and fast Constitution, let President Wilson be king. Having seen this happen, it would seem that the scientific observer might infer, not that the Russian dictatorship was bad and that therefore the Russian revolution was to be condemned, but that our theories, our wishes for democracy, had led us astray in our thinking. We might, if we had used our eyes and our memories, have been helped to a revision of our opinions, which is always good—progressive, evolutionary—and so have reached a tentative statement of some such general law as this:

In revolutions, in wars and in all such disorganizing, fear-spreading crises in human affairs, nations tend to return to the first, the simplest, and perhaps the best form of government; a dictatorship.

For, after all, the original form of government is that of the chief and the tribe, seen in the gang organizations of savages, boys, criminals, politicians, financiers and morons. American cities, despite their carefully drawn charters for representative democracies, all had the boss and his gang as actual rulers. And, after the war, when the crisis of revolution approached Italy, Mussolini saw the empty throne of fear, leaped into it like the brave man he was, and found himself

welcomed by enough of organized society to hold him in his dictatorship.

A dictatorship, then, is neither red nor white, good nor bad—it is a natural development out of a situation in which a people is so frightened that it huddles back into the herd state. Knowing this, as Lenin did before the Russian revolution, he could anticipate it, "seize power" and have the chance he sought to try to direct a revolution toward the achievement of economic democracy. Whether he succeeded or not, he was at any rate a wiser leader than the Mexican Madera, a liberal, who had democratic theories which made him hate his dictatorship and purposely share his power with the leading good citizens who, finally, had him murdered. Lenin was a more scientific historian than the liberals of Europe and a better revolutionist than those revolutionists, who, believing that the objective of a revolution is democracy and liberty, expected it to be free and popular from the beginning, and turned against it because it started off, like all revolutions, to go through the regular stages and forms of the revolutionary process.

Liberty and democracy may not be the objectives of a revolution, but even if they are, it is apparent in history and in the news of our day, that neither of these two human desires can be set up by the will of man or the law of a land. The United States, England—most civilized governments give Constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, free assemblage. These free laws do not stand up under the pressure of war, panic or fear of a revolution.

This is a disappointment to liberals; all disillusionment is bitter. But there is a principle of disillusionment, too. My experience is that whenever I am losing an illusion, I need but make a study of the facts and the forces that are destroying it; these will provide me with another—illusion, no doubt. But that way lies progress. When I examined the causes and the advantages of a dictatorship, I lost my illusion about democracy as the road to democracy, but by watching the Russian people give up their power, with a sigh of relief, to Lenin; and by watching him, the dictator, introduce necessary economic changes so complicated and subtle that no people can understand (and vote for) them—I could see that a dictatorship may be able to deal with the causes of evil more easily and scientifically than a representative legislature can.

So with democracy. The Russian people did rule for the first six months of the Russian revolution, and they enacted idealistic laws. But nothing happened, nothing was done. The laws were not executed. It's a long story, but as I witnessed that first democratic phase of the revolution, I was convinced that political democracy simply cannot exist until after economic democracy has been set up and got to going well. Democracy and a free people are effects, not causes; ends, not beginnings.

And so, third: it was hard to see liberty go at the end of the first six months and tyranny come. But the sight of the abuse of the free press, free speech and free assemblage was so obviously a menace to a people which had to decide upon some one course and,

for better or worse, unite upon it, that one was reconciled when the mob itself turned itself and its liberties out and chose to follow the leader. Taking that experience, and that of all the peoples in the war, I would offer (to liberals especially) this very liberal statement of a natural law of freedom:

Liberty is a state of freedom which, related in some way to the state of the public mind, increases in some ratio with the general sense of security and decreases in some similar ratio with the general sense of danger —regardless of man-made laws and soul-felt idealism.

Under this natural law freedom will be the last achievement of man. Liberty will arrive after a free, unprivileged system of economics has been laid as a basis of a society, which has lived on it long enough to have no fear of tyranny or abuse. In other words: liberty, democracy, justice—all our universally desired human ideals are conditions subject to some natural (economic-psychological) laws which we must understand and conform to before we can establish them, as ends.

Lenin, himself a liberal by instinct, defended the liberty of individuals and of the Russian press for some five months after the October Revolution, which put him in power. The plottings of the whites, the distracting debates and criticisms of the various shades of reds, the wild conspiracies and raids of the anarchists against his socialism, developed in opposition an extreme Left in his party that proposed to proceed directly to the terror. Lenin held out against them till he himself was shot, and even then, when he was

in the hospital, he pleaded for the life of the woman who had tried to kill him. As he told me afterwards:

"It was no use. It is no use. There will be a terror. It hurts the revolution, hurts it both inside and outside, and we must find out how to avoid or control and direct it. But we have to know more about psychology than we do now to steer through that madness. And it serves a purpose, you know. There must be in a revolution, as in a war, solidly unified action, and in a revolution, more than in a war, the contented classes, the people who were comfortable under the old regime, will scuttle your ship if you don't deal with them. There are white terrors, too, you know. Look at Finland and Hungary. We have to devise some way to get rid of the so-called good people, the better classes. They won't let you make economic changes during a revolution any more than they will before one, so they must be driven out. I don't see, myself, why we can not scare them away without killing them. Of course they are a menace outside as well as in, but the emigrés are not so bad. The only solution I see is to have the threat of a red terror, spread the fear and then let them escape. But, however it is done, it has to be done. The absolute, instinctive opposition of the old conservatives and even of the fixed liberals has to be silenced if you are to carry through a revolution to its objective."

Mexico failed here. The "good people" there and their leaders, the "best men," were foreigners: Englishmen, Americans, Spanish; they owned the oil, the mines, railroads, much land and practically all the big

(privileged) businesses. Their home governments could back them up, so that the conflict with them might be not a civil war but a "foreign" war between one weaker nation and one or two strong nations. The foreign capitalists stayed in Mexico; they did not run away as they did in Russia; they are in Mexico still. And that is one cause of the failure of the Mexican revolution. France had her emigrés, the American Colonies had their loyalists in Canada, out of the way. Lenin points in his statement to a hard, a real, perhaps the most terrible problem of a revolution, as it is of reform: What is to be done with the righteous conviction of the good, better and best people who, getting along very well with things as they are, hold that their privileges are rights—forever?

My theory is that the righteous can be saved, that they do not have to be killed. It is only a matter of propaganda. The revolutionists in poetry, and, indeed, in all the arts, are for abandoning them and practicing art for art and the artists' own sakes. Propaganda is anathema in Greenwich Village and the Latin Quarter of Paris. Leave the mob to its fate, they say; don't try to make them understand. They cannot learn; they cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; they would not like the Promised Land; they'd think it was Hell. And that is the view taken in the Bible, New Testament and Old. The same problem came up all the time on the march of the Children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land; so did all the other perplexing difficulties of a crisis. They came up typically and typically they were dealt with; and by Jehovah

himself. He is made to suggest the loot, the destructive sabotage, the dictatorship and the terrors, all of them. It was God who commanded that the "stiff-necked" be strewn as carcasses all over the desert. I don't say, here and now, that this happened; I mean I will not aver that God actually did tell Moses to go off wandering in the desert until all the people that were brought up as slaves in Egypt and preferred the law and order of Pharaoh to the laws of God, were dead, dead, dead. And, as I have said above, I cannot myself believe that this is right or even necessary. All I am saying here is that this slaughter probably did happen; that such terrors always do happen in such cases and that the regular repetition of them in historical crises should suggest to the scientific and even to the righteous-minded that there is some natural (divine) law discoverable in these phenomena, a set of causes which, once known to us, might enable wise leaders to manage a revolution without a red terror. White terrors, being righteous, are inevitable. But a red terror should be possible of control. Against me stands the authority of the Bible, which has Jehovah, the all-wise, not trying to avoid, control or manage, but actually commanding and, over Moses' entreaties, cajoleries, and prayers, *compelling* the prophet to direct those excesses of the Exodus which the righteous condemn in the Russians, Mexicans, and Germans and regret but tolerate in the Allies, Mussolini, the White Terrorists and the Ku Klux Klan. I have a theory for this use of the authority of God.

My theory of the Books of Moses is based upon the

probability that they were written after the events, by good priests reared on Moses' doctrine of righteous obedience to his laws. They had to tell the story; they wanted to tell it as they heard it and they did, pretty much. But there were unrighteous deeds done, sins against the law, violations of the Mosaic morality; there were lies, loot, tricks and deceptions, killings by the righteous leaders; yes, and there was the hard and inexplicable fate of the leaders, Aaron, Miriam and Moses. These the old scribes could not account for under their primitive moral superstitions of right and wrong. They had no other similar experiences of nations to compare with them. They had no comparative histories to read as we have. Their license with miracles shows that they had no science; they did not know that the laws of nature hold through thick and thin; in a holy war as in a worldly war for the oil of Mesopotamia and the Bagdad railroad. They had not thought that perhaps God is God because He (alone) obeys His own laws. They tried—you can see them laboring to explain all the things that occurred, according to their priestly interpretation of Mosaic law. And my theory is that when they could not, when the history of Moses and the Chosen People ran into the incomprehensible, they attributed the inexplicable acts and facts to—the Incomprehensible. The righteous still do that. When they find themselves up to some business, a war, for instance, which seems to them to be inexplicable, they call upon God. He was with each of the peoples in the late war. Anyhow, as I have suggested before, by simply reading

"Nature" for "God," the whole story of Moses and the Exodus becomes clear; clear in itself, clear and clearing in comparison with other similar chapters of history; scientific.

I have not done this in the following history of Moses. I have chosen to relate the good, old story literally; with parallels, comparisons and suggestions, but, as a narrative, without change. My motive, I think, was somewhat like that which moved the painters of the Middle Ages to paint over and over again the same old subjects: Madonna and Child; Christ Crucified, etc. There are hundreds of these; every painter did one or more. Each artist and every school of painting put into the same, old, known subjects all that they thought they had learned of art, truth and beauty. But they did not make free with the Biblical theme itself; and we should not. The righteous do not like higher criticism. They prefer to read it literally. So I have put into Moses' story without altering it, the understanding I got out of the revolutions, the wars and the peace-makings I have seen. Others, who know more—of anything—could contribute more and do the story better and better. And they should. It would be a fine arts practice if every writer, scientist and statesman—if everybody would read, after every enlightening experience or discovery of theirs, the beautiful old stories of the Bible and then write or tell them again in the fresh glow of their new light. The life of Jesus should be written at least as often as His crucifixion was painted. The Christian Messiah might then become in time the true

leader of true, living Christians. But if that is too radical, there is the Old Testament. The Christians find that more within the comprehension of their righteousness. They know its great stories so well that, if these could be rewritten frequently for them in the constantly growing understanding of the divine truth as God reveals it to us in nature; if thus, the believers in the Bible could be led to grasp what it says so plainly, then, perhaps—I am not sure, but one may hope and believe that, maybe, when a human being, like Jesus or Darwin or Frank Heney, or a people, like the Jews or the Russians or the Mexicans or the Chinese, go into a life-and-death struggle with our common problems, we, the comfortable world outside, would not judge but seek to understand them, and, also, by the way, ourselves; then, perhaps ultimately, we might all of us really righteously face together the universal foe, ignorance, and gradually, by evolution, not revolution, reach, recognize and be fit to live long in the Promised Land, a heaven on earth.

Anyhow, I have written for and I dedicate this story of Moses and the first Chosen People to the righteous people everywhere, always, on the not unscientific theory that, unless they are saved, we sinners may be lost also; that, good and bad, we are all one people with one common, controllable fate.

I

A MIRACLE OF MERCY

IN a dark corner of a dismal café in Paris one night I saw a light. And the light fell upon the fate of Moses, the first mighty Messiah, who led the people of Israel out of the darkness of Egypt up unto the Land of Promise. It illuminated, that sudden light, the divine conception of justice. It showed in a flash why, at the end of the wanderings in the wilderness, God took His faithful servant up on a hill whence he could look over into the Future and, having let him see thus from afar the realization of his vision and the land and the opportunities His people were to possess, put Moses, their leader, to death.

That was just. It had always seemed to me to be unjust, and the ecclesiastical commentators from the very beginning have endeavored in vain to fit this act of God into their priestly conception of reward and punishment. The sacred writers of the Books of Moses themselves discovered only earthly excuses for Jehovah; and their successors, the profane scholars and theologians who have been searching for centuries in the texts and in human reason and in man-made laws for the justification of God to Man, have come to the impious conclusion that His ways are past all comprehending. This is not so. The theologians look in un-

likely places for the light they lack. God created light out of darkness, and the students of Man are coming to an understanding of God in the understanding of men; in the ever-revolving cycles of identical human experience under the laws of His life and ours.

That night in Paris, in that dismal, dark café, I saw that it was right to kill Moses on the last hill before the valley beyond: either it was divine justice or it was a miracle of mercy.

No such thought was in my mind when I went to the café. I was intent only upon meeting there a young Russian who wanted to go home. He had been in Paris all through the war and the revolution. I had just come back from Moscow and he wished to ask me about the ways and means of making the pilgrimage. His appearance may have given my thoughts a Biblical turn.

He looked like the Christ. Some Russians do, you know. In the gentle mobs of the first revolution in Petrograd marched blond men who were more Christ-like in aspect than Dimitri Nicholaievitch. He was dark; black. Not his face. That was white, a pale, glowing light; framed in and pitched high by black hair and a black beard, both full and fine and both parted in the middle. And the kind, intelligent spirit of the man looked tenderly out at you through eyes as clean, serene and trustful as a deer's.

Afterwards when I heard that he was caught and killed on the way, I wondered what kind of men they were that could aim rifles at a countenance like his and

fire between such eyes. Then I remembered how, when I was a boy, I shot and wounded a doe that looked up at me with eyes like his and, as they pleaded, dropped a tear. And I cut the creature's throat. . . . .

And the Christ himself was killed; and before the end; after He had prayed, weeping and appealing from human to divine Justice. God would not let Jesus stay to see the fruits of His labors either.

But it was not the story of Jesus that came to me that night; it was Moses.' And so I think it was not Dimitri Nicholaievitch that suggested the idea of justice, but those others who dropped in while we were talking. They were Russians too, revolutionists all. That was "their" café. They "lived" there. And a sad, suppressed life it was. Hope was gone out of it wholly.

As they moped in, one by one, and heard what we were talking about, they shook their heads protesting.

"Don't go, Dimitri Nicholaievitch," they said. "It is not what you think."

He heard them, listening attentively to all they had to say, and he seemed to understand them profoundly. If ever there was sympathy in the gaze of a human being, it was in the caressing, wistful, helpless look he gave his friends when they bade him not to go to Russia. But he did not heed their advice. Nor did he attempt to answer them; not then. He told me later that he had tried before to lead them to see revolutionary Russia, not as an end achieved, but as a beginning, as an opportunity to lay the foundation for a

new civilization which it will take generations to complete.

"They could not see it so," he said. **"They cannot.** They have thought always of the Revolution as the realization of their ideals, of their very various ideas of the perfect society. It is not that. It could not suit them all. It cannot for a long while meet anybody's expectations. I think of the revolution as a clearing of the ground, which now must be ploughed, sown, worked—in order that the future may reap. I see what my friends see: the horrors of Today. I cannot show them what I see: a Tomorrow possibly better than any Yesterday has ever been—possible if we of the Present will go there and labor and serve and suffer for what can surely be."

So he spoke to me afterwards, but to them that night he said none of these things. He waited; he talked patiently along other lines till there could be no rebuke in his persistence, then he returned softly to his first inquiry.

"You think then that Reval is the best place to go in from?" And I answered him as best I could. But my interest turned to those others and their stories.

They were men who had given their lives to the revolution. They had labored for it; they had conspired, plotted, committed crimes for the revolution in Russia, and every one of them had done time in the prisons of Siberia or, escaped, had waited and worked in exile for the revolution everywhere. They were leaders, too; faithful servants who had had out of their services no earthly reward; nothing but misery, dirt,

disease and—their dream. They were tired now: in body and spirit those men were weary and disillusioned. They had seen the revolution; it had come; in their absence it had come to Russia, first. Astonished and rejoicing, they had hurried, hunted and hiding, but happy, back to Petrograd. And their dream, the vision which had inspired and supported them through all the years of their wanderings in the wilderness—they had seen the realization of their high hopes; and not from afar, not dimly from a hilltop. No. They had gone over into the Land of Promise.

There were seven of those witnesses that night. They told me seven stories. And the seven stories were all one story. And I have heard others since, many, many more; and not only of Russia, but of Hungary also, and Germany, France, Italy, England, Mexico; and before any of these, I recall now, in my own country, leaders with vision who had labored for a Cause of the people and seen it win, achieving the chance to achieve achievements, great or small, and so—been awakened out of their dreaming.

The seven stories were one story; and the one story is seventy times seven stories, all told best the first time, in the Book; where it ends best.

NOTE.—The Author is indebted to the Editor of *The Century* for permission to reprint the foregoing article in this volume.

II

MOSES, A LOYAL LABOR LEADER

MOSES was a leader; a labor leader; a leader of revolt; and a great one. And he was loyal to the people.

His people, the Children of Israel, were the Labor of Egypt. They were industrious; they were disciplined "with rigour"; they were highly skilled and very resourceful. They built Pithom and Rameses, the treasure cities of the Pharaohs. They could, under orders, make bricks and find the straw. And they were Jews. No matter. The will-power of Moses was so masterful that he was able to drive even such workers as these to act together for themselves and, slaves though they were, to 'rouse them all; not only the women and children, but the men also to follow him on a walkout that lasted forty years.

A genius of this order might have become a statesman, like Joseph, who led the Jews into Egypt in the first place. And the wonder is that he didn't.

The story of Man is the history of the rise and fall of nations: Egypt, Greece, Rome, Spain, France. . . . And the story of the fall of the

nations is the ever repeated tragedy of the rise of great men; of the betrayal of the mass of the people by their own born leaders, big and little—politicians, priests, business men, journalists, labor leaders—who sell out the faith of their fellows to the rulers of the land for what our culture calls honor, and so sacrifice the career of the nation as a whole to what our culture calls success; a successful individual career.

In revolutionary Russia, it is a reproach to say of a man that he is "a careerist," and the career of the careerist Joseph explains why.

A slave, Joseph was taken up into the service of the King, Pharaoh, and he made the people of Egypt slaves. Observing the cycles of drought and plenty in Egypt, Joseph, the King's treasurer, bought cheap and stored up the surplus of seven good years, and then, when seven lean years came, he sold back to the starving farmers the food they had to have for—all they were worth. His method was modern. He profiteered. Having a monopoly upon a necessity he charged for it all the traffic would bear. He took, first, all the people's savings in money; then their tools, horses, herds, flocks; and, finally, themselves and their lands. Our modern financiers would have kept their profits for themselves. Joseph gave all to the King, who honored Joseph, as indeed the people did, and history, and religion.

Read it now as the Book of Genesis sings it in short, sharp shouts:

"Joseph bought all the land of Egypt for Pharaoh: for the Egyptians sold every man his field . . . so the land became Pharaoh's.

"And, as for the people, he removed them to the cities" (as we do). "Then Joseph" (no demagogue) "said unto the people:

"'Behold, I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh: lo, here is seed for you. Ye shall sow the land. And . . . ye shall give the fifth (of all ye produce) unto Pharaoh and four parts shall be your own for seed and for food for you, for your households and for your little ones.'

"And they said: 'Thou hast saved our lives: let us find grace in the sight of my Lord (Joseph) and we shall be Pharaoh's servants.'

"And Joseph made this a law over all Egypt to this day. . . . So Joseph died, an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put into a coffin in Egypt."

Joseph rose and the Egyptians fell; and the Jews also. Joseph meant to exempt his brethren, as all leaders right down to this day have tried to enrich, privilege and so save their relatives from the consequences of their policies. But a bad social arrangement enmeshes everybody in the end, and so all founders of privilege fail, even as Joseph failed.

Joseph founded the darkness of Egypt. And the darkness spread all over the earth. He set up the landlord system, which is a cause of our

so-called social evils, including war and revolution. In a word, Joseph created the conditions which Moses had to rescue the Jews from by force and by fraud.

And Moses did it. That is the miracle. He obeyed the voice of God. He served a nation when he might have served a King; he led a people to revolt, when he could more easily have made them contented with slavery. Why?

Once upon a time a revolutionary leader asked a rich, young novice whether there was not in his life some secret scandal which, if published, would ruin him. The young man said there was nothing so bad as that.

"Well, then," the leader said, "would you mind if we made up such a story and printed it against you?"

The young man answered that he would indeed mind very much, but why, he asked, why did the leader want to go to so much trouble for the sake of a mere novice?

"Because," the leader said, "your insight and your impulses are so revolutionary that you would surely be of use to us if you could be rid of the taint that is upon you, the taint of respectability."

A profound observation, this, from the depths of the revolutionary experience of the ages: that the pressure upon a gifted man to go Right is so irresistible that, if he can—if Society will let him —he will betray the people. And it accounts for Moses. He lost his respectability. He was in

the way of a career as successful as Joseph's, when a crime saved him. A prince, he murdered a man and had to run away, a social outcast, disgraced forever. Like the true revolutionary leaders of Russia, Moses could not serve the King. A leader, he had to lead the people. There was nothing else for him to do.

The mother of Moses, mother-like, launched her boy on a respectable career, and very cleverly, too. About the time he was born, the Egyptians were having a pogrom. Alarmed at the increase of these fruitful people, the king, a Pharaoh which knew not Joseph, decreed that all Jewish boy babies be put into the river. But Moses' mother, seeing that he was a goodly child, hid him away for three months and, then, when she could no longer evade the law, she complied with it—in form. She put Moses in the river. She took a basket of bulrushes, daubed it with slime and pitch and, laying the child therein, floated it in among the flags at the river brink. And, expecting something to happen, she stood Moses' little sister afar off to await what would be done to her baby.

Some great Brother should give us the history of the Little Sister. He has done us the Mother, the Wife and the Sweetheart, but he almost always has had a cunning little sister and the Little Sister is more devoted, less selfish, less scrupulous and more forgiving than any other woman in his

life. Moses' little sister is a pretty example of this.

For sure enough, something did happen to Moses. The daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at that very spot and she spied the tiny ark among the reeds. She sent a maid to fetch it and, opening the basket, she saw the babe. And behold, the babe wept and the kind princess had compassion on him.

"This is one of the Hebrews' children," she guessed, and Moses' cunning little sister, drawing near, offered a suggestion.

"Shall I go and call thee a nurse of the Hebrew women that she may nurse the child for thee?"

The Princess, suspecting nothing, answered, "Go," and the little girl ran and called her own and Moses' mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto Moses' mother:

"Take the child away and nurse it for me. I will give thee wages."

So the mother of Moses took him home, nursed him and, when he was weaned, brought him to the king's daughter, who adopted him; and it was she that named him Moses. And she brought him up in her palace as a prince. She had him educated, and the fair inference is that he was schooled in the culture of the Egyptians. The present point, however, is that the royal lady made of the Hebrew slave-child an Egyptian gentleman.

Revolutionists have a theory that only a worker, a member of the working class, can serve and be faithful to the people and, as a leader, trusted. There are examples to the contrary, both in history and in the news of the day. Some of the surest leaders of Red Russia are educated gentlemen and some of the most doubtful of them were wage-slaves.

Moses, born a slave, became an aristocrat in feeling, manner and, apparently, in appearance. He was free, impulsive, proud, direct, bold; he was lawless. He got rid of the slave psychology of his people and he did not lose his sense of race, which, in his case, was class-consciousness. And it was the union of these two traits, Egyptian nobility and race loyalty, that made him a great Jewish leader of Labor.

One day when he was grown, Moses went slumming among his own people to look at their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian, probably a foreman, smiting a Hebrew. Moses looked this way and that way and, seeing no one watching, slew the Egyptian and buried his body in the sand. But someone did see the crime, and the witness was a slave.

The next day, when Moses went out muckraking again, he saw a couple of Hebrews fighting, and they were fighting, not against their masters, the Egyptians, but together. He protested. Addressing the aggressor, he said:

"Why do you smite your fellow?"

The slave answered, like a slave, with a covert threat.

"Who made you a prince and a judge over us?" he said. "Do you intend to kill me as you did the Egyptian?"

Moses was alarmed. He knew that his murder was out. And Pharaoh did indeed hear of "this thing." The king had a search made for Moses to slay him. But Moses was gone. He ran away and, a fugitive from justice, all hope of a career in Egypt—of the sort that his mother had aspired to for him—was ended.

Moses went abroad, to the Land of Midian, and there again his princely upbringing stood him in good stead. One evening when he was sitting at a well, the seven daughters of Reuel, the priest of Midian, came down to draw water for their father's flock. Some shepherds arrived about the same time and were going to drive their sheep in ahead, when Moses stood up and helped the girls. He held off the shepherds and drew water for the young women and their flocks, so that they reached home earlier than usual. Reuel asked how this happened. His daughters told him about "the Egyptian" and the hospitable father sent them back to fetch Moses, that he might eat bread. And Moses came, and he was content to stay. He married one of the seven daughters, Zipporah. She bore him a son and

Moses settled down an exile, but no longer a stranger in a strange land. A shepherd, he thought of the sheep of Egypt that needed a leader till, at last, the Arch-Conspirator came and called him.

III

THE DIVINE CONSPIRACY

IN the time of Moses, a leader of the people was called a prophet, an apt, descriptive title. For a leader is a man with a thought, an idea which he foresees will be common some day and so prophesies. Common men oppose his prediction and pursue him with fear and hate. This is not because they are evil-minded. They are not minded at all. They are only busy and thoughtless. They are working their brains as muscles, and as for their minds: their mouths are filled with sayings, the prophecies of older prophets, which, once accepted and many times repeated, take the place of thought and save the embryonic soul of man from agitation and premature birth. Hence our name for a prophet: agitator. And hence also the custom of driving prophets into exile, deporting agitators and putting popular leaders into prison.

Humanly unjust, politically foolish, this persistent old practice turns out to be a device of divine origin, just, wise, useful. Most of the prophets of old went, willingly or unwillingly, up on some mountain or off into the desert, and the story of Moses and the history of revolutions

shows why. It was to enable the leaders to think, to form and to warm their ideas. They could not do that among normal men, nor can we. Think of thinking in the market-place or a chamber of commerce, in a church, a parliament or a university. The revolutionary leaders of Red Russia that have vital ideas are all ex-convicts. They thought themselves clear and sure in the solitary confinement of prisons with the guards of the older prophecies to lash them into the passion proper to prophesy. And this is God's will. The prophets of the Biblical revolts, all inspired of God, were led or sent away from among men to go off by themselves in order that they might commune with Him who seems, He alone, to have use for thinkers of thoughts that agitate.

Moses, in exile from Egypt, kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, and he led the sheep to the back side of the desert, even to the mountain of God, Horeb. And thinking there quietly in the solitude, recalling the things he had seen in Egypt, hearing in the silence the sighs of the Children of Israel and the groanings of their bondage, he discovered that he was not alone. The Angel of the Lord appeared to him as a flame of fire in the midst of a bush, and when the shepherd prince turned aside to see why the bush was not consumed, God called to him:

"Moses, Moses."

The startled man answered like a soldier:

"Here." And the Lord announced Himself. He said that He, the God of their fathers, He too had seen the affliction of the people, had heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters, and He was come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians and bring them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

Now this land was already possessed. It was the country of the Canaanites, and the Hittites, and the Amorites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, but it had been promised to the Jews and God proposed to Moses a conspiracy to get it for them. He bade Moses go back to Pharaoh and bring forth His people out of Egypt unto this land.

But Moses, astonished, said: "Who am I that I should go to Pharaoh and bring forth the Children of Israel?"

God said He would be with Moses. He would give him credentials to prove that He had sent him. But Moses had imagination and some little experience of the way of kings and of the people. He could see not only Pharaoh, but the slaves themselves receiving him and his message from God, and he asked the Lord to picture the scene.

"Behold," he said, "I come to the Children of Israel and I say to them, 'The God of your fathers has sent me.' They will say to me: 'What is His name?' What shall I say then?"

God, answering Moses, said severely: "I am that I am and thou shalt say that I AM sent

thee." And he dictated a speech for Moses to make, a speech addressed to the simple emotions and desires of human nature. The delegate was to remember and remind Israel of their afflictions in Egypt, of the promised land, and he was to hold out to them other coveted inducements.

"Go," He said, "gather the elders of Israel, say I have surely visited you and seen what is done to you; that I will bring you out of Egypt unto this land flowing with milk and honey, and thou shalt come, thou and the elders unto the king, and ye shall say unto him: 'The Lord God of the Hebrews hath met with us. Let us go, we beseech thee, three days into the wilderness that we may sacrifice to the Lord our God'."

It may seem strange that the Lord should not only countenance, but Himself start a conspiracy; that He should prompt His chosen agitator to a speech which we would call demagogic; and, most confusing of all, that He should propose to petition the king for a small thing when He meant to take a great thing. But these all are of the methods of revolutionary and labor agitators always. Labor leaders stir the workers to ask their employers for shorter hours or a few cents more pay, when what the agitators want is all that labor produces. In the American revolution, the leaders of the colonial discontent began by petitioning the King of England for exemption from certain petty taxes. Before the great Russian revolution, in 1907, the people were led to

meet in mass and ask the Tsar for such an humble share in a constitutional government as other peoples long had had, and, all the while, the leaders intended to seize the whole government. The wisdom, the reason for all this is plain.

The hardest problem of leadership is to arouse and move the slaves. Tired out, spiritless and accustomed to the routine of bondage, the workers are sunk deep in contentment. They resist new leaders, they prefer their old leaders, they really believe in kings and employers. Their simple minds trust the master; he is fair, they think; they want so little that they are sure he would give it them if only they could reach and tell him how sorely they need what they want. The prophets, therefore, from beginning to end, have started their agitation by urging labor to ask for little things and having them refused. And their small requests usually are refused. The employer resists the few cents raise and so plays into the hands of the union and the radical leader. The King of England enforced the taxation which the loyal American colonists objected to and fired the revolt which won the political independence of the United States. The Tsar of Russia, a gentle man, was moved to listen to the gentle mob of 1907, but, at the last moment, his heart was hardened; he ordered his soldiers to shoot; and the people, awed for awhile, lost faith in their Little Father, and a few years later the agitators ruled in his stead. Thus it is that the king

kindles the fire that consumes the kingdom, the evolutionist forces revolution.

The classic example of this wondrous way of God is the first great conspiracy: that of Moses and the people of Israel. When the Lord was proposing the plot to Moses and the prophet foresaw that the chief difficulty lay with the people, the All-Wise did not contradict his fears but told him how they would use the king himself to drive the people to follow the leadership of the prophet. Moses was to take the elders of Israel to an open meeting with Pharaoh and there, "face to face," as we would say, "around a table," ask, not for what God and Moses, the conspirators, wanted; not for land and liberty; but only for a few days off to sacrifice to their Lord, the God of the Hebrews: a simple, reasonable demand which, if granted, might have prevented the strike. But the Lord counted upon the king to deny the petition in the sight of the people and so break their faith in the Master, Pharaoh, and turn them to God, Moses and liberty. God said:

"I am sure that the king will not let you go, no, not by a mighty hand."

And again, He said that He would not let Pharaoh yield. If, as the negotiations proceeded, the king showed himself disposed to consent, God would do to Pharaoh even as He has done always since to the Tsars, kings and all masters: He

would harden his heart. In so many words the Lord said this to Moses.

"I will harden his heart that he shall not let the people go. I will stretch out my hand and smite Egypt with all my wonders; and after that he will let you go."

Moses hesitated apparently and the Lord, looking into his heart, held out another inducement: the first suggestion of loot in history.

"When you go," He said, "ye shall not go empty. I will give the people credit in the sight of the Egyptians. And every woman shall borrow of her neighbour and of her that sojourneth in her house jewels of silver and jewels of gold and raiment; and ye shall put them upon your sons and your daughters; and ye shall spoil them."

And still Moses held back. With all the inducements offered him: God's ever-present help, the wonders to be performed, the promised land and the loot in hand, the co-operation of Pharaoh —the prophet would not prophesy. Why? Was he afraid? God reminded him that all the men were dead which had sought his life on account of his murder. But no, it was not that, it was not fear of justice or of the king, but doubt of the people and of his ability to move them.

They won't believe me, said Moses, they won't even harken to my voice, for they will say that the Lord has not appeared to me. And the Lord,

by way of answer, asked Moses what he held in his hand.

"A rod," said Moses.

"Cast it on the ground." Moses threw it down and it became a serpent.

"Now," said the Lord, "put forth thy hand and take it by the tail."

Moses obeyed, and the serpent became a rod again in his hand. The Lord performed one other wonder, and He taught Moses himself to do these two and a third. But Moses, practical man as he was, foresaw the need of eloquence in a labor agitator, and he said, he almost cried:

"Oh my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant. I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue."

Sharply the Lord rebuked him: "Who hath made man's mouth? Who maketh the dumb or the deaf, the seeing or the blind? Have not I? Now you go, and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Bold in action, Moses was shy of speech and, driven to desperation, he besought the Lord to send somebody else on this mission, anybody the Lord liked, only not him, Moses. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses. God did not want an orator.

History has shown since that the "intellectual" cannot act; he talks and writes for the revolution, but when it comes he does not like it for one

reason or another, and turns against it. He is not to be trusted in a crisis. Only the man of action can act. And the Lord, knowing this alway, desired that Moses should lead and lead alone, make all the speeches which the Lord would dictate, give all commands, do all the deeds. But leaders, true leaders of the people, are so hard to find that the Lord seemed to yield to Moses in his wish for an orator. He said:

"Is not Aaron, the Levite, thy brother? I know that he can speak well" (if he is told what to say). "You put words into his mouth, and I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth. He shall be the spokesman. He shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of a God."

And Moses said no more. He entered into the great conspiracy of which God Himself was to be the master, Moses the executive, Aaron the witless orator and Pharaoh the unwitting tool and driver.

IV

THE DIVINE SABOTAGE

AND the Lord said to Aaron: "Go into the wilderness to meet Moses." And he went and met him in the Mount of God and kissed him. Moses told his brother all the words of the Lord and all the signs; and they turned together back into Egypt, where Aaron spoke the speech which the Lord had spoken unto Moses and did the signs in the sight of the people. And the people believed.

And afterward Moses and Aaron went in and told Pharaoh that the Lord God of Israel had said: "Let my people go that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness."

And Pharaoh, who had gods of his own and indeed regarded himself as divine, answered, saying, "Who is this Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not your Lord; neither will I let Israel go."

The brothers argued with Pharaoh, saying it was only three days' journey into the desert that they wished to go, and they urged the sacrifice "lest He fall upon us with pestilence or the sword."

But the King of Egypt rebuked the prophets of

Israel for being agitators who stirred up and interfered with labor. And the king had a case; three days off for so many workers would really have set back business and production which already had begun to suffer from their agitation.

"Why, Moses and Aaron," he said, "why do you let the people from their works? Get you unto your burdens. The people of the land now are many and you make them rest from their burdens."

And because of his anger or to make up for lost time or, perhaps, as he said, to keep them so busy that they could not listen to breeders of discontent, the king increased their burdens. They were on piecework at the time. They were making bricks, so many a day, and Pharaoh ordered his foremen and the slave overseers of the people, saying,

"Ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks. Let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of bricks which they did make heretofore, ye shall not diminish. For they are idle. Therefore they (have time to) cry about going off and sacrificing to their God. Lay more work on them that they may be kept busy and cannot listen to vain words."

And the taskmaster went out and told the people what they must do. The people scattered all over the fields of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw, the foremen following and hasting them and, when they fell behind in their

quota of bricks, beat up the slave overseers. And the overseers came and cried unto Pharaoh, telling him their tale of woe and declaring it was not their fault. And Pharaoh told them whose fault it was: the agitators' and this talk of the feast.

"Ye are idle," said Pharaoh. "Ye are idle, therefore ye say let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord. Go therefore now and work. No straw and the full tale of bricks."

And the overseers, seeing that they were in evil case, went forth and found Moses and Aaron, who were hanging around outside, and they accused and cursed them, calling down the judgment of God upon them because "Ye have made our savour to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh and his servants."

And Moses turned upon the Lord and reproached Him bitterly. "Why hast Thou so evilly treated the people? Why didst Thou send me here? Since I came to Pharaoh to speak in Thy name, he hath done evil to this people. And neither hast Thou delivered Thy people at all."

Moses, impulsive always and passionate, had forgotten apparently, or he had failed to understand the plan, and the Lord had to tell it to him all over again and more clearly than ever.

"Now, now," He said, "thou shalt see what I will do to Pharaoh: for with a strong hand shall he let the people go; nay, he will drive them out of his land."

This is what Moses seems not to have understood till almost the end: that slaves will not free themselves, but must be freed; that a people will not take their liberty, but have to have it forced upon them. Used to the conditions in which they are born, they have not only to be led by their prophets, the agitators, they must be driven likewise by their masters to go out from the darkness of Egypt to seek the land of mere promise. Pharaoh must back Moses; the government must illustrate the propaganda of the revolution; the chamber of commerce must co-operate with the labor union. And, hard as it is to find and form prophets, it is harder still to mould the masters to the divine purpose. The heart of Pharaoh, being human, has to be hardened to the uses of God. All popular movements since Moses' day have shown this, and Moses, out of his own short experience, suspected it. He, too, doubted the people, and he heard from the All-Wise how that Pharaoh was to be an unwitting aid to their conspiracy, but he could not comprehend it. And so now, when the Lord repeated the whole plan and bade him go and repeat it all to the people; and when Moses went and the people harkened not for anguish of spirit and for cruel courage; and the Lord said: "Go in again and speak unto Pharaoh, king of Egypt, all that I say unto thee: and he will let the Children of Israel go out of his land"—

Then Moses, in sheer exasperation, found his tongue and the wit he thought he lacked.

"But look," he said, "the Children of Israel have not harkened to me: how then shall Pharaoh hear me, who am of uncircumcised lips?"

The Lord, indulgent always with Moses, reminded him patiently that he was to appear to Pharaoh as a god, with Aaron as his prophet. And Aaron's lips were circumcised; Aaron had eloquence, and the Lord was to tell Moses what to tell Aaron to say.

"You are to speak all that I command you and Aaron shall say it to Pharaoh—that he send the people away—while I harden Pharaoh's heart and multiply my wonders. And Pharaoh shall not listen to you in order that I may lay my hand upon Egypt and bring forth my armies and my people by great judgments. The Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord," and so, as He had said before, they will drive the Israelites into decision, action, flight!

Calling Aaron into the conference, the Lord spoke to him and Moses together, and in great detail. Moses was to command. The first thing Pharaoh would ask for would be a sign, a miracle.

"Then," He said to Moses, "thou shalt say to Aaron, take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh. And it shall become a serpent."

And Moses and Aaron went in and did as the Lord commanded. Aaron threw down his rod before Pharaoh and the court, and it became a serpent. Pharaoh summoned his wise men and sorcerers, and they cast down everyone his rod and lo, their rods

became serpents too. But Aaron's rod swallowed their rods.

And Pharaoh was not moved because the Lord hardened his heart even as he had told Moses he would. The struggle went on.

The Lord told Moses to get to Pharaoh in the morning when the king went to the waters and, standing at the river's brink, rod in hand, warn him, saying:

"I will smite the waters and they shall be turned into blood. And the fish shall die and the river stink."

And Moses did as the Lord commanded him. Aaron lifted up his rod and smote the waters in the sight of Pharaoh and his servants, and the river turned into blood, the fish died, the river stank and the Egyptians could not drink. The Egyptian magicians did the same thing with their trickery, however, and the king turned and went into the palace, probably laughing up his sleeve. And the Egyptians digged for water.

After seven days of this, the Lord told Moses to go to Pharaoh again and threaten him with a plague of frogs. And Moses and Aaron went and, having their petition denied, called forth frogs abundantly. Frogs covered the land of Egypt, got into the beds and ovens and kneading troughs. But the king's magicians did so with their enchantments and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt. But the magicians could not send the frogs back off the land into the water. So Pharaoh sent for the labor leaders and asked them to entreat the Lord "that He may take away the frogs and," he promised, "I will let the people go that they may sacrifice to the Lord."

Moses, thinking he had won the fight, cried: "Glory," and he asked Pharaoh when he was to entreat the Lord for him.

"Tomorrow," said the king, and Moses promised, and he and Aaron went out from Pharaoh. And Moses cried unto the Lord, who did according to the word of Moses. The frogs died out of the houses and fields, and they gathered them in heaps, and the land stank with them. But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart and broke his agreement, as the Lord had said he would.

Lice were the next sabotage. The Lord told Moses to tell Aaron to stretch forth his rod and smite the dust that it become lice throughout the land of Egypt. And they did so and it became lice on man and beast; all the dust in the land became lice. And this wonder the magicians could not match and, when they failed, they said to Pharaoh:

"This is the finger of God."

But Pharaoh would not harken to his own magicians —as the Lord willed.

And the Lord bade Moses get up early the next morning, go again down to the river, and, when the king came there for his bath, to warn him that if he would not let the people go, He would send swarms of flies upon the king and his servants and his people; and as a new sign, the Egyptians only would suffer; Goshen, the Ghetto where the Israelites dwelt, was to have no flies. And the Lord did so and the land of Egypt was corrupt with flies, so that Pharaoh yielded a point.

"Go on," he said to Moses, "sacrifice to your God in the land," meaning Egypt. But Moses objected that that would not do. It would not be meet for the Jews to sacrifice in Egypt, "because," he said, with the growing confidence of a walking delegate, "we want to sacrifice the abomination of the Egyptians to the Lord our God; lo, if we show up the abominations of the Egyptians before their eyes, will they not stone us? We will go three days' journey in the wilderness and sacrifice to the Lord our God, as He shall command us."

And Pharaoh pretended to consent. "All right," he said, "I will let you go, that you may sacrifice in the wilderness; but don't go very far. Entreat for me."

And Moses said that he would entreat against the flies, "but," he warned the king, "let not Pharaoh deal deceitfully any more in not letting the people go to sacrifice." And Moses did entreat the Lord and the Lord kept the word of Moses: he removed the flies. But Pharaoh hardened his heart this time also, and would not keep his word.

God advised next a disease upon the cattle of Egypt: horses, asses, camels, oxen, sheep: a very grievous murrain. And the Lord was to sever the cattle of Israel and the cattle of Egypt; and "there shall nothing die of all that is the children's of Israel." And the Lord did this thing on the morrow, and all the cattle of Egypt died. Pharaoh went up to Goshen, and behold, there was not one of the cattle of the Israelites dead; not one. And that hardened the heart of Pharaoh and he did not let the people go.

Now the Lord began to develop clearly two purposes of His own—one was to glorify Himself as the Lord God over the Egyptians and their gods, and the other was to put forward Moses, the man of action, ahead of Aaron, the orator. He gave them, therefore, a deed to do without words, so that Moses could do it alone. For the time for action was approaching.

"Take to you handfuls of ashes," He said unto Moses and unto Aaron, "and let Moses sprinkle it toward heaven in the sight of Pharaoh." And the Lord told them what would happen, but He did not tell them to tell the king. And they did as the Lord commanded. They took the ashes and Moses sprinkled it up toward heaven; and it became a boil breaking forth with blains upon man and upon beast. All the Egyptians got it, but especially the magicians, who could not stand up before Moses because of the boils.

And when Pharaoh's hardened heart harkened not, as the Lord willed, and Moses had had a personal triumph, God asked His favorite servant to make a speech, short but very significant. He said unto Moses:

"Get up early in the morning and stand before Pharaoh, and say unto him: Thus saith the Lord God of the Hebrews, 'Let my people go that they may serve me. For I will now send all my plagues upon thine heart, and upon thy servants and thy people: that thou mayest know that there is none like me in all the earth. Indeed it is for this cause that I have raised thee up, for to show in thee my power and that my name may be declared throughout all the earth.

As yet exaltest thou thyself against my people. Behold, tomorrow about this hour, I will cause it to rain a very grievous hail such as hath not been in Egypt since its foundation. Send therefore now, gather thy cattle and all that thou hast in the fields. For upon every man and beast which shall be found in the field and shall not have been brought home, the hail shall come down on them and they shall die.' "

And Moses spake the speech of God and some of the Egyptians heeded the warning thereof, but some did not. And he that feared the word of the Lord among the servants of Pharaoh made his people and cattle flee into the house, and he that regarded not the word of the Lord left his servants and his cattle in the field.

When the Lord told Moses to stretch forth his rod, there was hail, and fire ran along the ground. The hail smote man and beast and herb and broke every tree. Only in Goshen was there no hail. And Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron and he cried to them:

"I have sinned this time. The Lord is righteous and I and my people are wicked. Entreat the Lord—for it is enough—that there be no more thunderings and hail; and I will let you go."

Moses, growing wiser, said that as soon as he was out of the city, he would spread abroad his hands unto the Lord and the storm would cease, "that thou mayest know how that the earth is the Lord's. But as for thee and thy servants, I know that ye will not fear the Lord God."

And it was even so. Moses went out and the Lord

stopped the storm, but also He hardened Pharoah's heart, his and his servants'.

And He hardened the king's heart, as the Lord explained again to Moses: "that I may show these my signs before him and that thou mayest tell in the ears of thy sons and of thy sons' sons what things I have wrought in Egypt." And He told Moses next to threaten and send locusts upon Egypt; and Pharaoh's own people were alarmed. They pleaded with the king to let the men of Israel go that they may serve their God. "Knowest thou not yet that Egypt is destroyed?" they asked.

Now a king never does know that his kingdom is destroyed or doomed. Pharaoh sent for Moses and Aaron, and he said unto them:

"Go, serve the Lord your God. But who are they that shall go?"

Moses said that all were to go. "We will go with our young and our old; with our sons and our daughters; with our flocks and our herds we will go."

"No, not so," said Pharaoh. "Go ye that are men but not your little ones." And, he threatened, "Look out. For evil is before you." And Moses and Aaron were driven out from Pharaoh's presence.

The Lord sent the locusts on an east wind all that day and all that night and when it was morning the locusts went up all over the land of Egypt. They roosted on the coasts, they covered the face of the earth so that it was darkened; they ate every herb, all the fruit, till there remained nothing green in all Egypt.

So grievous was it that Pharaoh called for the agitators in haste and the prophecy of God that Moses would become a God to Pharaoh came true. For Pharaoh said: "I have sinned against the Lord your God and against you. Forgive me just this once and entreat the Lord that he may take away from me this death only."

Moses turned away without a word. He entreated the Lord and a mighty strong west wind came and, taking away the locusts, cast them into the Red Sea. The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart and bade Moses stretch out his hand toward heaven that there might be darkness over Egypt, "even darkness which may be felt." And Moses did so and there was a thick darkness for three days. The Egyptians could not see one another, a man could not rise from his place. But all the Children of Israel had light in their dwellings. And Pharaoh, weakening, called on Moses and said: "Go ye, serve the Lord; only leave your flocks and herds behind. Let your little ones go with you."

In all such conflicts between the master and the masses, any concession by one party encourages the other to demand more, and so it was with Moses.

"No, thou must allow us sacrifices and burnt offerings, that we may sacrifice," he said. "Our cattle also shall go with us; not a hoof shall be left behind. For we know not with what we must serve the Lord until we are come thither." And, the Lord having hardened his heart, Pharaoh answered in anger: "Get thee from me. And take heed to thyself. See my face no more. For that day thou seest my face thou shalt die."

And Moses said unto Pharaoh: "Thou hast spoken well. I will see thy face again no more."

And the Lord said unto Moses, "Yet one plague will I bring upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt, and after that he will let you go hence. And when he does let you go, he will thrust you out hence all together."

V

THE RED TERROR OF GOD

THE last plague which the Lord brought upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt was to kill the first-born of all that were Egyptian: from the first-born of Pharaoh unto the first-born of the maid servant behind the mill: and all the first-born of beasts. A terror, a veritable red terror. And, since the coming of the Christ, a terror such as this seems indeed terrible. But it is not so terrible as a war, and it is more effective and more just. In a war all the youth that are male go, and there are not only the killed but the wounded also; and the killed and wounded are sometimes all of one family, none of another, so that the makers of the war and the profiteers therefrom are rarely the sufferers. A war is a disorderly, long, miscellaneous, often indecisive process of killing, maiming and destroying. The terror of the Lord was divine in its order; it reached every family that had a child; and, for the childless, there was the loss of the first-born of their animals. Equally distributed, therefore, it was effective and, best of all, it was short and decisive. One night of that terror and the Lord won His victory and the labor slaves of Egypt were freed.

The preparations for the exodus were carefully laid. The Children of Israel were warned and instructed by Moses at the behest of the Lord, who said:

"Speak now in the ears of the people and let every man borrow of his neighbor and every woman of her neighbor, jewels of silver and jewels of gold"—light valuables which could be carried easily. And the Book explains the faith of the Egyptians in the rectitude of the Israelites by repeating that the credit was divine. "God gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians." Moreover, it is written, "the man Moses was very great (now) in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants and in the sight of the people."

Even his own people were listening to the Prophet; and he was speaking to them, he, not always Aaron. On the eve of the last plague Moses himself gave the people the plan in the words of God.

"Thus saith the Lord," he said. "About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt, and all the firstborn in the land shall die, both man and beast. And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land, such as there was none like it nor shall be like it any more. But against any of the Children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue." And Moses told the Hebrews how they were to mark their doors with blood, so that when "the Lord passes through to smite the Egyptians, He will see the blood upon the lintel and on the two side posts and will pass over the door and not suffer the destroyer to come into your houses to smite you. And"—this is the origin of the great Jewish feast of the Passover—"He shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and thy sons for ever."

And Moses instructed the people also in what food they were to eat and make ready to take with them.

"And the Children of Israel did as the Lord commanded Moses and Aaron, so did they."

And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord did indeed pass through and He did smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle.

And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, all his servants, and all the Egyptians, and there was a great cry in Egypt: for there was not a house where there was not one dead. And Pharaoh carried out the prophecy of the Lord exactly as He had made it to Moses. The King called Moses and Aaron by night, and he said:

"Rise up and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the Children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. And take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone. And (by the way) bless me."

And not only the King, but the people of Egypt also were urgent that the Israelites be sent out of the country in haste, for they said: "Else we be all dead."

And the Children of Israel, thus pushed out did indeed hasten. They took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs they bound up in their clothes. They took all such things as they required and journeyed from Rameses to Succoth, about six hundred thousand of them on foot, besides children. And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks and herds, even very much cattle too.

A nation they were; a people led by Moses with the

wisdom of God to guide him; not goodness, but knowledge, true, divine knowledge. Morality had hardly been invented yet. Moses got that also from God, when he communed with Him on Sinai and wrote down the commandments and the laws. But that was later. At the time of the exodus, good intentions, good will, good records were of no account; Moses himself had killed a man; the conspirators all joined in a lie to Pharaoh (about the feast in the wilderness); the whole tribe of Israel had stolen jewelry and everything they required from the Egyptians; and Moses and Aaron, under orders, did not reason with either the king or the people, but appealed to their desires, fears, and other primitive motives and passions. The whole plot was immoral, from the human point of view, but it was wise in the knowledge which God alone had then, but which the history of all such struggles has presented since to man in the telling form of human experience.

The Lord had no illusions about the people. As we have seen, He had had Moses agitate among them for a strike, a walk-out, and they resisted Moses. They besought him to let well enough alone. So the Lord, in His wisdom, had arranged for a lock-out also. He had had Pharaoh force the people of Israel to go three days into the wilderness.

"And God led them, not through the land of the Philistines, although that was near. For God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war and return to Egypt."

The Philistines would fight an invasion of their

country by 600,000 people; they would not, they could not let them pass through without resistance both for their own sake: to save their lands from being trampled upon, spoiled and perhaps seized; and because they may have had some treaty obligation to Pharaoh. So that the short way meant a war or a battle at least, and slaves would not readily fight; they might run all the way back to Egypt. Wherefore, God led the people around through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea and they were able thus to go out of the land of Egypt without unharnessing themselves or their cattle from their burdens.

The Lord led them, He Himself. He went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud and by night in a pillar of fire. He directed each turn; He chose every camp. "The Lord spake unto Moses saying, Moses, Speak unto the Children of Israel that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea."

And the Lord told Moses why he was so particular, and the Lord's reason is of great modern significance. It is held even yet by the Pharaohs that labor revolts and revolutions are caused by labor leaders like Moses and agitators like Aaron; and such men are, as the exodus shows, an aid to the purposes of the Lord. But as the good Book also reveals, Pharaoh is an indispensable force. He must oppress the people; he must ex-

asperate and drive them to action; and he must follow them right up close to cut off their disposition to return to him and their chains. The Lord, who feared a battle with the Philistines in front, needed and inspired a pursuit from the rear to keep the slaves from going home, to whip them into the passage across the Red Sea. So the Lord said to Moses at Pi-hahiroth that He had one more use for the King.

"Pharaoh," He said, "will say of the Children of Israel, They are entangled in the land; the wilderness hath shut them in. I will harden his heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will be honoured upon Pharaoh and all his host, that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord. And they did so."

It was told the King of Egypt that the people (who were to go forth only to sacrifice) had fled out of the country altogether. The hearts of Pharaoh and of his servants were turned against the people, and they said to one another, Why have we done this, why have we let Israel go from serving us?

Pharaoh made ready his chariot; he took six hundred chosen chariots and all the chariots of Egypt, and his people, and he pursued after the Children of Israel. He overtook them in camp by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon just as the Lord had planned. And, just as He had foreseen, the people fell into a funk and prayed for their chains.

When Pharaoh drew nigh, the Children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and behold the Egyptians marched after them and they were sore afraid, and they cried out unto the Lord. And they said to Moses, "Is it because there were no graves in Egypt that thou hast taken us away to die in the wilderness? Didn't we tell you in Egypt to let us alone, that we might serve the Egyptians? Now, you see that that would have been better than to die here in the wilderness."

Moses evidently carried the cry of the people up to the Lord, for it is written that the Lord said to Moses:

"Why criest thou unto me? Talk to the people. Tell them to go ahead. And as for thee, lift up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it. The Children of Israel shall go dry through the midst of the sea. And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians and they shall follow them, and . . . the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord."

The Israelite slaves might doubt, but the Egyptians would know. The Lord's attention was ever upon the masters; they were His agents in the plot. And they are now. The revolutionists, who have studied history, declare that revolutionists cannot make a revolution; that only the Government, the Pharaohs, can bring on such a crisis, and it was so in the Russian revolution. The Government of the Tsar sent his soldiers out to shoot into the people, and it was this at-

tack in the streets of Petrograd that drove them out to revolt, and, when the troops joined the people, the revolution was "on." None of the leaders of the revolution was in the city when this happened; they were in exile. The Russian revolution did not begin till after the Government had erred and, in this case, fallen. The people left to themselves did not form into an organized nation till seven months later, and meanwhile God used the Pharaohs of other lands to surround and screen them with a barrage of war, even as He guarded Israel, that they could not turn back.

The Jewish people, destined for freedom, the Lord screened with a barrage and He protected them by a miracle, because that they were not yet fit for liberty and self-government.

"The Angel of the Lord, which went before the Camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their faces and stood behind them: between the camp of the Egyptians and the Camp of Israel. It was a cloud of darkness to the Egyptians, but it gave light by night to the Israelites, so that the one came not near the other all the night."

Moses stretched out his hand on the sea and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind that lasted all night, made dry land and divided the waters. The Children of Israel went into and crossed the sea on the dry ground. The Egyptians pursued, chariot and horse, but

the Lord took off their chariot wheels to hamper them. "The Lord fighteth for them," the Egyptian soldiers cried. And this so frightened them that the troops wanted to flee from the face of Israel. But the Lord had other plans. He bade Moses stretch out his hand, and the waters came together in strength upon the Egyptians in the morning. The Egyptians tried to retreat, but the Lord overthrew them. The waters covered all the hosts of Pharaoh that came into the sea after the people; there remained not so much as one of them.

Thus the Lord saved Israel that day. They saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore. And, seeing the great work which the Lord did, the people feared the Lord and believed on Him and His servant, Moses.

VI

THE PROVING OF A PEOPLE

ONE of the mysteries of the Exodus is that the Children of Israel did not go straightway over into the Land of Promise, but turned at the border thereof and went wandering about in the wilderness for forty years. But one of the tragedies of our own day is that the nations that made the World War did not make the world peace they promised, but went apart wandering in the wilderness of the patriotisms, the passions and the purposes of the war. And the wonder of the Revolution in Russia is that the people there did not enter into the promised state of Communism but, halting on the edge thereof, turned back and went floundering around in the wilderness of doubt, compromise and famine for a period which the leaders prophesy will surely be a generation.

Now a generation is about forty years, and the Russian prophets have said that the Russian people cannot abide the new state of things until the old generation which knew and was malformed by the evil old ways of the Tsar shall have died off, every one of them, and a new generation, born and bred in the wilderness and

schooled in the discipline of the new and better order, shall have come to manhood and power in Russia. If this be true, then it follows likewise that the peace of the world cannot come out of the generation that made the war but only from the youth which knew not the war, after the elders have perished off the earth, they and their lusts and their ideals and their practices, every one of them. And it is true. Except ye become as little children, the Kingdom of Heaven will be hell; as the story of Moses, lighted up by the fiery pillar of the Russian exodus, showeth.

It was God himself that, having led and driven the Jews, a picked people, out of Egypt up to the Land of Promise; and having proved them and found them unfit for liberty, gave the command that they stay in the wilderness in order that the older generation of slaves and reactionaries might die and their children, the youth born in freedom and reared in adventure, go in alone. His proofs began early.

When He had brought His people dry across the Red Sea and saved them from battle by overwhelming the pursuing hosts with the returning tides, the poor slaves felt grateful and they seemed to be glad and brave. Moses and the men sang unto the Lord a song; and Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances, and they answered the men, who sang:

"I will sing unto the Lord,
"For He hath triumphed gloriously."

And Miriam and the women responded:

"Aye, sing ye to the Lord,
"For He hath triumphed gloriously."

The Lord was their strength and their song, His the victory. He was a man of war, and they rejoiced therefore. They were proud, they were bold. Other people would hear of the triumph of Israel over the Egyptians. Sorrow would take hold over the inhabitants of Palestine; the Dukes of Edom would be amazed; the mighty men of Moab tremble; the Canaanites melt away.

In the brave and happy spirit of this song, Moses brought them from the Red Sea three days out into the wilderness. "Glory!" But they found no water. That changed everything. And then, when they came to Marah, beyond, and there was water, and they could not drink it because the water was bitter, the people murmured against Moses, saying, "What shall we drink?"

Moses, in turn, cried unto the Lord and the Lord provided water as He had victory. He showed Moses a tree which, when he cast it into the springs, made the waters sweet. And, while the people were drinking and grateful, He made for them a few first simple ordinances for cleanliness and health, which, if they would obey them, would ward off the diseases of Egypt; this to prove them. And they came to Elim

where were twelve wells of water and seventy palm trees. They camped here for awhile, for it was good. But they must go on, so, when they were rested, Moses led them farther. And in the wilderness called Sin, on the fifteenth day of the second month of the departure from Egypt, there was a shortage of food. The whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, saying unto them:

"Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots and did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into the wilderness to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

God gave them to eat; He poured food upon this people that could do nothing for themselves. But He made a bargain with them to test them.

"Behold," He said to Moses, "I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law or no. . . . . Speak unto them, saying: At even ye shall eat flesh and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread."

Moses spake to Aaron and Aaron spake to the congregation that they look out toward the wilderness, and lo! the glory of the Lord appeared in a cloud. And at even the quails came up and covered the camp: and in the morning, when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness a small round thing as small as the hoar frost.

"It is manna," said the people one to another, for they wist not what it was. And Moses said: "This is

the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." And he told them how to gather it, so much for each person. The people did so, gathering some more, some less, but when it was measured and meted out, it was found to be just enough for all. But they were to eat, they were not to hoard it. Moses said:

"Let no man leave of it till morning."

Notwithstanding, they harkened not unto Moses, but some of them left of it till morning and it bred worms and stank. And Moses was wroth with them. They could not unlearn thrift; they could not learn the lesson of communism; they could not freely obey the law; they were incapable of self-control; they were not fit for self-government. They had to learn and they began to learn.

They gathered manna every morning, every man according to his eating, but on the sixth day, as the Lord had commanded them, they gathered twice as much as usual and Moses approved, explaining that this was the Lord's provision against work on the day of rest. He instructed them how to bake and seethe and so preserve their food, and, when they did as he taught them, the manna did not stink, neither was there a worm therein. But some of the people went out nevertheless on the Sabbath to gather manna, and they found none. And the Lord was wroth. He said to Moses:

"How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws?"

And Moses had to teach the people that the seventh day was theirs for rest and that the law against gather-

ing food on the Sabbath was to make the workers' day sure forever. That was why the Lord allowed for a double ration on the sixth day. And the people seem to have learned this. They did eat manna forty years, except when they were in a land inhabited, and they formed the habit of resting on the seventh day. But their trials were not over and some lessons they could not learn.

From the wilderness of Sin they journeyed on to Rephidim, where they pitched camp, as the Lord directed. And there was no water for the people to drink. Wherefore they chided again with Moses.

"Why did ye bring us up out of Egypt? To kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?"

Moses asked them why they blamed him. He was not the master, but God. "Wherefore tempt ye the Lord?"

And he turned to the Lord and cried out, saying: "What shall I do unto the people? They be almost ready to stone me."

And the Lord said: "Go on ahead of the people. Take with thee the elders and thy rod—the one thou smotest the river with—take it and go. I will stand before thee on the rock in Horeb. Thou shalt smite the rock and there shall come water out of it." And Moses did so in the sight of the elders.

The next proof was a battle, the first fight of the people for their liberty. It was at Rephidim. Amalek faced them and Moses, to try them, let some of the Israelites go to the front; not many and not alone. God was with them. Moses chose Joshua, "a young

man," to act as commander and, bidding him choose picked men, told him to go out and fight with Amalek on the morrow.

"I will stand on the top of the hill," Moses promised, "with the rod of God in my hand."

Joshua did as Moses commanded, and Moses, Aaron and Hur went up on the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands got heavy, so they took a stone and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on one side, the other on the other. Thus supported, Moses' hands were steady until the going down of the sun and Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.

The Lord won the battle, but to encourage the poor slaves and develop a general for command, He told Moses to write this for a memorial in a book and read it in the ears of Joshua with His promise to wipe out all remembrance of Amalek from under heaven.

VII

DIVINE LAW AND HUMAN ORDER

NOW Horeb, the Mountain of God, was the place where Moses had tended the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law, and heard the voice of the Lord calling him to return to Egypt and free the people of Israel. When he went away upon his mission Moses had asked Jethro for permission and for his wife, Zipporah, meaning evidently to take her and his two sons with him. But Moses and his wife had a bitter quarrel at an inn on the way, apparently a religious quarrel over the circumcision of the children, and the prophet sent Zipporah and her children home. But now that Moses reappeared with his six hundred thousand followers at Horeb, Jethro came with the wife and sons to call upon his son-in-law. And Moses went out to meet his father-in-law and did obeisance and kissed him (not his wife); and the men asked each other of their welfare, and came into the tent.

Moses told his story—how that the Lord had been with him; what He had done to the Egyptians—and Jethro rejoiced and was converted. The old priest of Midian declared that now he knew that the Lord was greater than all gods, because in the very things of which the other gods were proudest, He was above

them. And Jethro sacrificed to the Lord, and Aaron and the elders came to eat bread with Moses' father-in-law before God.

And Jethro taught Moses some practical methods of government. When on the morrow Moses sat to judge the people and the people waited around with their complaints from morning till evening, the old man took Moses to task.

"What are you doing?" he said. "Why sittest thou thyself alone and all the people stand around all day?"

Moses said he did it because the people came to inquire of God. "When they have a matter they come and I judge between them and make them know the statutes of God and His laws."

"That is not good," said Jethro. "Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and the people. The work is too heavy for thee. Thou art not able to perform it thyself alone. Listen now," said the wise old priest, and he showed him how to organize. "Be thou for the people to God-ward that thou mayest bring the causes unto God. Thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, show them the way they must walk and work. But for the rest, elect out of the people able men that fear God, know the truth, hating covetousness, and place them over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens. And let them judge the people at all seasons. Every great matter they shall bring to thee, but every small matter they shall judge. So shall it be easier for thyself and they shall bear the burden with thee."

And Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-

in-law, and this was the beginning of the organization of the Children of Israel into a government of priests and judges and of the theory that good men will make good government. For, whether Jethro meant well by Moses or, privily resentful of his son-in-law's behavior as a husband to his daughter, Zipporah, he intended to do the thing that he did, he accomplished his purpose. Moses put into practice all that his father-in-law taught him and he let him go away into his own land, while Israel marched.

After three months' travel, to a day, the now organized nation came into the wilderness of Sinai and camped before the mountain. And Moses went up unto God and the plans were laid for the most solemn and majestic law-making that the world has ever seen. There were two days of universal preparation: instruction, washing-up and sanctification. The people were reminded of what God had done unto the Egyptians for them; how He bore them on eagles' wings and brought them to Himself. The old divine promise was repeated: "Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed and keep my covenants, ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me, a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." And the people gave promise for promise: "All that the Lord hath spoken, we will do," they said. Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord. And the Lord, accepting the covenant, said unto Moses:

"Lo, I will come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee and believe thee forever."

And, on the third day, in the morning, there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon Mount Sinai, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that were in camp trembled. Moses brought the people out of the camp to meet with God; they stood in the nether part of the mount which was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire. The smoke ascended as the smoke of a furnace and the whole mountain quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake and God answered him by a voice. He called Moses to the top and Moses went up, but the Lord, distrusting the people, bade him go down again and charge them lest they break through upon the Lord to gaze and perish. Moses protested that they could not come up, since he had set bounds upon the mount and sanctified it. But the Lord commanded him to obey: "Away. Get thee down. Thou shalt come up (again), thou and Aaron, but no priests. Let not the priests and the people break through to come unto the Lord, lest He break forth upon them."

So Moses went down to the people, and he cautioned them. But they were nowhere near the danger. When they had seen the thunder and lightning and the mountain smoking, they had removed and stood afar off. And they said to Moses that he might speak with them; they would hear him. "But let not God speak with us, lest we die."

"Fear not," said Moses. "God is come to prove you

and that His fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not."

And, having admonished them and prepared them to receive and to obey the laws, he went back up on the mountain through the cloud of smoke to take the legislation from the Lord. And the people were awed; they were ready—if ever a people was made ready to obey the Lord, it was this chosen people of Israel. And yet they did not obey; they broke the new command; they went back to their old ways and their old gods, even while Moses, their leader, was still communing 'mid thunder and lightning and smoke with the Lord their God.

VIII

SONGS AND DANCES, IDOLS AND ONIONS

THE glory of the Lord on the peak of Sinai was like a devouring fire in the sight of the frightened Children of Israel, and even Moses and his war minister, Joshua, waited, awed, a week under the cloud below. On the seventh day, when God called him, Moses went into the midst of the smoke and gat him boldly up into the mount. And a voice was heard, the voice of the Lord renewing the covenant and laying down the ten commandments and the law: many statutes, particular, precise. For forty days and forty nights the labor of the Lord's legislation lasted, and when it was done, when the Lord had made an end of communing with Moses, he gave him two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God for this chosen people—to prove them. And verily they were proving themselves.

The Children of Israel were going back to their old gods, the gods of the Egyptians, which may seem petty and altogether foolish in our unaccustomed eyes. But it is little things and foolish that a people see or miss and care about; not the big things. Even today. It is not that their leaders seize thrones, powers and privileges: railroads, forests, coal mines, oil fields and credit; but that they got these by bribery, fraud and

force. It was little things that the Russian people lacked and yearned for in the Russian exodus: trading and the gossip of the market-place; the sight of the rich and the gifts of their charities; a Tsar to bow down to and petition with prayer.

An upper servant in Moscow, a woman, complaining with great bitterness of the new leaders, whom she hated, said:

"Behold now, in the good old days I would have gone forth this morning to buy provisions: once in the market-place and I would have met the ugly peasant woman who sells eggs. She was a foe; a fine foe of mine, as I was to her. We would have bartered gently; argued high, quarreled, fought—we would have battled over the rotten price of her outrageous eggs. And the filthy seller of fresh vegetables, she also was of a worthy tongue and vile; and the coarse dealer in cheeses; aye, and the brute of a butcher that sold his high meats at shocking prices and low weight. He—they, and others, they could make war. Ah! And some of them did sometimes worst me in some of my battles, and, true, the contemptible crowd did sometimes laugh me to scorn. But, sir, I won my battles, too, many of them, to the silent admiration of the miserable onlookers who tried, but did not know how to trade and, best of all, to the discomfiture of the lying merchants who found in me their match. And so it would have been a day. One lived. Anyhow, that was our way, and a good way the old way was in those good old days that are gone. And now? Those Bolshevicks are come, and what do I do

this morning? I go to a shop, the appointed shop, and they tell me what I can have, my share; and the price, one price; and I take what is mine at the one price without a word and I come home in an hour, one silent, dull, lost, short hour to a day of—what? I would to God that the Little Father were back on his throne in all his glory and ours."

And so it is written that the Children of Israel remembered in the desert, not the slavery, but "the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the lemons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlic. And now? Our soul is dried away. There is nothing at all, besides this manna, before our eyes." And so also now when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, they gathered themselves unto Aaron and said unto him:

"Up, make us gods to go before us, for, as for Moses, the man that brought us up out of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him."

And Aaron, the high priest, who, like his sister, Miriam, was thinking of himself as a prophet and a leader, bade them break off and bring him the golden earrings of their wives, sons and daughters. And all the people did so. And he fashioned the gold with a graving stone, after he had made it a molten calf, which the people hailed as of their "gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt." Aaron built an altar and proclaimed the morrow a feast to the Lord. The people rose up early, offered burnt offerings and peace offerings; they sat down to eat and to drink and they rose up to play.

And on Mount Sinai the Lord, seeing what they did, told Moses.

"Go, get thee down," He said, "for *thy* people which *thou* broughtest out of Egypt have corrupted."

They were Moses' people now; not the Lord's; and it was Moses that had led them, not the Lord. The Lord was wroth.

"I have seen (enough of) this people," He said, and "a stiff-necked people it is. Leave me. Let me alone that my wrath may wax hot and consume them."

Now Moses (or the priests who kept the records) must have had a very human image of God, for it is written that Moses met this emergency by appealing to the Lord's vanity and his concern for what the neighbors might say; and that his diplomacy was successful. For it is written that Moses appeased the Lord thus and saved the people, which, by the way, he handed back to Him as the Lords' own, not Moses'.

"Why, Lord," he said, "why dost thy wrath wax hot against *thy* people which *thou* hast brought out of Egypt with great power and a mighty hand? Wherefore should the Egyptians (have the chance to) say, For mischief did he bring them out to slay them in the mountains. Turn from thy fierce wrath and repent. . . . . "

And, verily, "the Lord repented."

And Moses turned and went down from the mount, the two tables of the testimony in his hand. Joshua joined him on the way and, when

the war minister heard the noise of the people, he said to Moses that it sounded as if there was a war in the camp. But, listening again, he said, "No, it is not the voice of those that shout for mastery, neither is it the cry of being overcome. The noise is that of them that sing!" And, then, as they came nigh unto the camp, Joshua saw the calf and the dancing. Idols, dances, songs and cucumbers!

And Moses, pretending, as he said later, to be astonished and shocked, waxed hot with anger and he cast the tables out of his hands and brake them: two tables of testimony, remember; written on both sides; on the one side and on the other were they written; the work of God; the writing was the writing of God graven upon the tables! These Moses brake, and he took the calf and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder which he strewed upon the water; and he made the Children of Israel drink it.

And Moses rebuked Aaron. "What did the people do to you," he asked, "that you have brought so great a sin upon them?"

Aaron pleaded, "Let not the anger of my lord and master wax hot. You know how set the people are on mischief." And the high priest denied that he had made the idol. He said that the people came to him and, pleading that they did not know what had become of "this man Moses," asked for gods to lead them.

"I asked them for gold and they gave it me,"

said Aaron. "I cast it into the fire and there came out a calf."

Aaron had stripped the people and when Moses saw their shame; when he saw that they were naked, he posted himself in the gate of the camp and called upon all those that were on the Lord's side to come to him. And all the sons of Levi gathered about him.

"Now," he said, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, "put every man his sword by his side and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp and slay every man his brother and every man his companion and every man his neighbor." And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses and there fell of the people that day of terror about three thousand men.

Now we are wont to wax hot over the Terror, when it is red, as in Russia, but there are white terrors, as in Israel and in Finland and Italy; and there are moral terrors, as in all countries, during a war. There is some natural (divine) law governing Terrors.

Whenever a great mass of men is in fear it is apt to become terrible in its cruelty; whenever a nation is setting up a new system of laws and customs, it has a red terror; whenever it is defending an old system it has a white terror. It is not good; but it is evidently natural. And therefore it is divine, as Moses knew or felt.

The next day he told the people that "now I

will go up unto the Lord," and perhaps I shall make further atonement for your sin. And the further atonement he offered was himself and his own fame.

"This people have sinned a great sin," he said to God. "They have made them gods of gold. Yet now if thou wilt forgive them—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."

But the Lord, appeased, was well satisfied with His servant, Moses. He would not blot him out of the Book. He would blot out only those that had sinned against Him. And He commanded Moses to continue to captain the Children of Israel.

"Go now," he said, "lead the people into the place of which I have spoken. My angel shall go before thee. But (as for the people) when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them. I will drive out the Canaanites and"—all the rest; but by proxy and from afar. "I myself will not go up in the midst of thee, thou stiff-necked, lest I consume thee on the way."

When the people heard these evil tidings they mourned and no man put on his ornaments. But it was Moses who suffered the most sorely, and yet he felt that he had the favor of the Lord. And he had a purpose, and a plan. He took the tabernacle and pitched it outside the camp, so that everyone who sought the Lord had to go out unto it. And he went himself out unto it

and when he went, as he passed, every man stood at his tent door and looked after him till he was gone into the tabernacle. And it came to pass that, as Moses entered into the tabernacle, the cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door. And the Lord talked with Moses. And the people saw and they heard; and they worshipped, every man in his own tent door.

The Lord spake face to face with Moses and the prostrate prophet, sensing the grace of God, ventured to reproach and petition Him.

"See, thou sayest, Bring up this people, and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Thou sayest, I know thee by name, thou hast found grace in my sight. I pray thee, then: show me thy way, that I may know I find grace in thy sight and that this nation is thy people."

And the Lord, relenting, consented that His presence should go with Moses and give him relief and rest.

But Moses, stiff-necked, asked grace for the people also: "If thy presence go not, carry us not hence. For wherein shall it be known that I and thy people have found grace in thy sight? Is it not that thou goest with us? So shall we be separated, I and thy people, from all the people on the face of the earth."

And the Lord yielded, saying, "I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast

(indeed) found grace in my sight and I know thee by name."

Then Moses, the meek, was bold. He asked for himself something which no man had ever known and not died: to see God.

"I beseech thee," he said, "show me thy glory."

And God said: "I will make all my goodness pass before thee; I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious and show mercy on whom I will show mercy. But thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live.

"But look," He said, "there is a place by me; thou shalt stand upon a rock. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by. Then I will take away my hand and thou shalt see my back parts. But my face shall not be seen."

The Lord then instructed Moses to hew out two new tables of stone like the first. "I will write upon them the words that were on those which thou brakest." And Moses hewed the stones and, early on the morrow went up with them in his hand. And the Lord fulfilled His promise to show Moses His glory; He passed before him, proclaiming:

"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the

children and the children's children unto the third and to the fourth generation."

And Moses did not look into the face of God. He made haste, bowed his head and worshiped. But, faithful leader that he was, he did return to his prayer for the people. At this supreme moment of favor with the Lord, he besought Him "to go among us, to pardon our iniquity and sin, and take us for thine inheritance." And the Lord responding as perfectly as His wisdom would permit, renewed His covenant, strengthened.

"I will do marvels before all thy people and all the people among which thou goest shall see the work of the Lord. For it is a terrible thing that I will do with thee." But there must be discipline and obedience: the Children of Israel must keep His commandments, which He repeated, and which Moses wrote upon the tables. For forty days and forty nights again he wrote, neither eating nor drinking. And when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two new tables of testimony in his hand, he wist it not, but the skin of his face shone. Aaron and all the people were afraid to come nigh him, till Moses called and put a veil over his face; then they returned and he spake to them, giving them in congregation assembled all the words which the Lord had commanded. And when Moses had spoken, the congregation departed and fetched offerings: work; and every man that offered, offered also an offering of gold, but not for the golden calf; this time it was all for the building of the tabernacle. And so much was it that Moses had to cause it to be

proclaimed that the people be restrained from bringing. And thus was the tabernacle made as the Lord had commanded; and Moses blessed the people. He put therein the ark of the testimony. Then a cloud covered the tent and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And from that time on it was the tabernacle that led the people: the law and the cloud, the light and the promise, but the discipline also.

"When the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys; but if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys."

The dictatorship (of Moses) was ordained and established by God.

IX

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE GROWN-UPS

THE Lord God of Israel was seeking in those olden days, as He must be looking still, for a Messianic nation: a people to be a leader and a chastener of nations, even as the Prophet Moses was a leader and a chastener of men, and He chose the Jews, "not for their righteousness, but for the wickedness of the other nations" round about them. And so the Greeks were chosen once, and the Romans; the French, English, Americans, Germans and now, perhaps, the Russians.

The Children of Israel likewise were not good; they were only the best people: the least civilized. A small nation of nomad tribes, they had been reared by their sheep and cattle in the hills and plains of the ungoverned country called the wilderness. Their rivals lived in cities and were formed beyond all use by culture. All the culture the Israelites had was acquired in short periods of slavery, which, like Labor always everywhere, they cried out against and seemed to hate. "Seemed," I say. It turned out that, like Labor and like our negroes, they rather liked and needed their masters. But it did look then as if they had gained from their servitude the discipline, the skill and the divine discontent of forced, regular work and lost

none of their primitive love of liberty. If they could be freed from their Egyptian overseers and led or driven off into a free, fat country by a prophet and priests and judges elected by God and guided by laws made, not by men for their own special purposes, but by the Lord God himself for His universal ends, the Children of Israel might set up a social order that would be an example and a prophecy to the world.

And, verily, if any one nation should ever seek its knowledge from God and live its life according to His natural laws, that people would indeed be a prophet among the nations, which all would have to recognize and follow, or they would be bound to annihilate it—even as men have found they must either believe in or crucify the Messianic individuals that arise among them.

But the revolt of Israel—like the exodus of the Americans and of the Russians; like the rise to power of Labor in Europe—bears witness that a Messianic nation does not come ready-made. People are formed by—they do not so much form—the conditions under which they live. First the conditions, then the people of prophecy; first the cause, then the effect; first the good soil well ploughed and sewn, then the good milk and honey, good pigs, corn and—good men. Israel had been a free spirit once, hardy, intelligent, daring, as the wilderness had made them; but the Children of Israel were slaves formed and fitted to the requirements of Egypt and, therefore, as unfit for the land of promise as men contented on earth are for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Hence, by the way, the rumors of hell. The story of the exodus—all great human changes and the reaction of men toward them—reveal to us that heaven and hell are one and the same place and everybody goes there. Some like it, and to them it is heaven; others loathe it, and they say it is hell.

The Jews, as we have seen, had to be both led and driven out of slavery; they had to have their fighting done for them; they missed their regular meals on the march and had to be fed and watered by miracles; and while their God-sent leader was communing in a cloud with God, who was writing their first laws for them, they made them an idol of gold because, forsooth, they must have a visible leader and, like sheep, a shepherd's constant care. So that God would have abandoned them, as He has all other chosen peoples apparently; He would have given them up on the spot, if Moses had not put a few thousand of them to the sword of sacrifice to teach the rest and appease the wrath of the Lord. As it was, God merely put off the evil day; the people were so repentant and Moses was so faithful that God consented to go on a little farther with them and with His proofs.

It came to pass, therefore, on the twentieth day of the second month in the second year, that the cloud was taken up from off the tabernacle of the testimony. That was the divine signal to march. The sons of Aaron, the priests, blew the trumpets. The Children of Israel formed in preordained procession and took up their journey out of the wilderness of Sinai where the hosts had rested so long and experienced so deeply.

Moses persuaded Hobab, the son of Raguel, the Midianite, the prophet's father-in-law, to go along as a guide, who "knew how to encamp in the wilderness and to be to us instead of eyes." But he is not mentioned thereafter; he was not needed. The ark went before to search out resting places. The cloud of the Lord was upon them; they were guided by God and yet—and as always, the people complained. And the Lord heard, and His anger was kindled. The fire of the Lord burnt among them, consuming those on the outskirts of the camp. And the people did not put out the fire; no, they cried unto Moses, who appealed to God; and when Moses prayed unto the Lord, the fire was quenched.

Then the hangers-on of the procession, the mixed multitude that was among them fell a-lusting; and the Children of Israel also wept, saying, "Who shall give us flesh to eat?" They were tired of manna. They thought of their menu in the good old slave days: "We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, melons, leeks, etc." The taste of the manna was as the taste of fresh oil. So they wailed, and Moses heard the people weep throughout their families, every man in the door of his tent. And not only the Lord was angry. Moses also was displeased. And Moses charged the Lord, saying:

"Wherefore hast thou afflicted thy servant? Have I conceived all this people? Have I begotten them, that thou shouldst say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father beareth the sucking child, unto the land which thou swarest unto their fathers?

They come weeping to me, saying, Give us flesh to eat. Where am I to get flesh to give all this multitude? I can't stand it. I am not able to bear all this people; it is too heavy for me. Kill me, I pray thee, out of hand."

And the Lord, with growing wrath, bade Moses gather seventy of the elders into the tabernacle.

"I will come down and talk with thee there," He began quietly. "I will take the spirit which is upon thee and put it upon them; they shall bear the burden of the people with thee that thou bear it not all alone by thyself. And," as for the people, He kindled, "say unto them: Sanctify yourselves against tomorrow, and ye shall eat flesh. Ye have wept in the ears of the Lord; saying, 'Who shall give us flesh? It was well with us in Egypt.' Very well then. Tell them, the Lord will give you flesh, and ye shall eat it."

And He flamed: "Ye shall not eat one day, nor two days, neither ten days, nor twenty—but for a whole month ye shall eat meat until it come out at your nostrils, and be loathsome to you."

And Moses, astonished, exclaimed: "The people number six hundred thousand footmen, and thou sayest: 'I will give them flesh to eat for a whole month.' Shall the flocks and herds be slain to suffice them? Or shall all the fish of the sea—"

But the Lord checked him: "Is the Lord's hand waxed short?" And He bade him wait and see "whether my word shall come to pass or not."

Moses gave the order, all but two of the seventy elders gathered and received from the Lord some of

the spirit of Moses. And when the spirit rested on them, they prophesied and did not cease. And the two that did not come to the meeting, Eldad and Medad by name, they also caught the spirit and they preached the propaganda and proclaimed in the camp.

A young man ran and told Moses, and even Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Moses and one of his own chosen youth, even he was jealous of the prophet's privilege. The youth were with the revolution, even though they did not fully understand it (as in Russia; as in all Europe). When the young spy reported Eldad and Medad, Joshua turned to Moses and said:

"My lord, forbid them."

And Moses taught them a lesson. "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them."

And Moses gat him into camp, he and the elders. And there came forth a wind from the Lord and brought quails from the sea and let them fall by the camp, as it were a day's journey on this and the other side, round about the camp and, as it were, two cubits deep. The people stood up all that day and night and the next day, and they gathered quails. He that gathered least gathered ten homers. And they ate. It must have been a carnal spectacle. For it is written that "while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled and He smote the people with a very great plague." This was at a place they named Kibroth-hattaavah, because they buried there the people that lusted.

At the next camp where the procession abode, something came to pass that showed how right the young men were who were afraid for the authority of Moses, the dictator. Miriam and Aaron spoke against Moses. Their pretext was the Ethiopian woman Moses had married. ("For he had married an Ethiopian woman.") But it was a revolt, and the motive was probably ambition, for they challenged the dictatorship of the prophet of God.

"Hath the Lord spoken only by Moses?" they asked. "Hasn't he spoken also by us?"

And the Lord heard it. He spoke suddenly to Moses; and likewise to Aaron and Miriam.

"Come out ye three unto the tabernacle."

And they three came out, and the Lord came down in a pillar of the cloud and called Aaron and Miriam:

"Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you (two) I, the Lord, will make myself known to him in a vision and in a dream will speak to him. My servant Moses is not so. He is faithful in all my house. With him I will speak mouth to mouth, openly: not in dark speeches. And the similitude of the Lord shall he behold. Wherefore then were ye not afraid to speak against my servant Moses."

And the Lord departed in anger, the cloud lifted and behold, Miriam became leprous, white as snow. The woman again; she did it. Aaron looked upon her and he appealed to Moses.

"Alas, my lord, I beseech thee, lay not the sin upon us, wherein we have done foolishly and sinned. Let her not be as one dead."

And Moses cried unto the Lord: "Heal her now, O God, I beseech thee."

The Lord heard Moses; He lightened her sentence: "If her father had but spit in her face, should she not be ashamed seven days? Let her be shut out of camp seven days and, after that, let her come back."

So Miriam was shut out for seven days and the hosts waited. "The people journeyed not till Miriam was brought in again." Then they marched from Hazeroth and pitched in Paran, which was close to the border of the promised land. And here it was that the final proof was prepared for the people, final and fateful.

The elders proposed and the Lord commanded that Moses send an investigating committee ahead to spy out the land, which He was giving to the Children of Israel: a committee composed of one man, a ruler and a leader, of each of the twelve tribes of the fathers. Moses' instructions were simple and practical.

"Get you up this way southward and go up into the mountain: Look over the land; see what it is, whether fat or lean; whether there be wood there. And the people that dwell there, see whether they be strong or weak, few or many; what cities they dwell in or whether in tents or strongholds. Be of good courage and bring back samples of the harvests."

The spies went up as commanded, spread out and—they searched that land for forty days. It was the time of the first ripe grapes, so at a brook called Eshcol, they found and cut down a branch with one cluster of grapes, so big that two men had to carry it

swung on a staff. Also they brought pomegranates and figs. These they showed to Moses and the congregation, and they reported:

"We came unto the land whither thou sentest us and it does indeed flow with milk and honey. Here are samples of the fruit of the land.

"But," they said, "the people be strong that dwell in the land. And the cities are walled. And very great. And moreover we saw the children of Anak there. And the Amalekites dwell in the south. The Hittites and the Jebusites and the Amorites live in the mountains. And the Canaanites dwell by the sea and along the shores of the Jordan."

Caleb sprang to his feet and stilled the people before Moses.

"Let us go up at once and possess it. For we are well able to overcome it."

But the other leaders contradicted Caleb. "We be not able to go up against these people. They are stronger than we are." And they began to lie about the enemy and the land too.

"The land through which we have gone is a land that eateth up the inhabitants, and all the people we saw are men of great stature. And we saw giants, the sons of Anak, descended from giants. We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we looked to them."

And the people, the whole congregation, lifted up their voices and cried; and then wept the night through. The next day in congregation they murmured against Moses and against Aaron too.

"Would God we had died in the land of Egypt!" they cried, or "Would God we had died in the Wilderness!" And "Wherefore hath the Lord brought us unto this land: to fall by the sword? That our wives and our children should be a prey? Were it not better for us to return into Egypt?"

And they actually proposed then and there to one another "to make a captain and go back to Egypt!" And slavery!

Moses and Aaron fell on their faces before the whole assembly. Joshua and Caleb rent their clothes and spoke. They insisted that the land was an excellent good land. "If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land and give it us: a land flowing with milk and honey. Only rebel not against the Lord, nor fear the people of the land. They are bread for us. Their defense is departed from them. The Lord is with us. Fear them not."

But the congregation bade stone them with stones. And then—

The glory of the Lord appeared: in the tabernacle of the congregation before all the Children of Israel He came and He spoke. And He judged. The judgment He was to decree is the divine judgment of the wisdom of God, so that we can learn, as the Jews would not, what omniscience has said must be done to a people—any chosen people: Jews or Christians, Americans, French, English, Italians or Russians—before they can pass from a state of slavery—any sort of servitude: physical, mental or moral—over into—the promised land.

"The grown-ups must die."

That is what the Lord God of Israel said; not that they should repent and become upright. Moses had that belief; and the priests have followed Moses. But the Lord showed from the beginning that the old people who had known the conditions of slavery and the culture of Egypt were not fit to live in the wilderness; He had fought their battles, provided them food and drink, till He saw that they would be of no use in the land flowing with milk and honey. He went on with them only for the sake of Moses, the faithful, and even to Moses He had said, when He pardoned the people and waited, He would do—what He would do. He knew then what He had to do. He knew what the Russians have learned. He knew that old people, who have lived and been formed on the earth as it is yet, are not fit for the kingdom of heaven; they must be put to death; and the children, the unspoiled, the untaught, the unformed—they alone can go over—and even they must first pass through the purifying experience of the natural conditions of the desert.

"How long," He said unto Moses, "how long will this people provoke me? How long ere they believe me after all the signs I have shewed them? I will smite them and make of thee a greater nation and mightier than they."

Moses tried his old argument, which we can see now never did deceive the Lord very much. Moses said:

"Then the Egyptians will hear it, and tell the in-

habitants of this land. For they have heard that Thou art among this people, that Thou art seen face to face and that Thou goest before them, by daytime in a pillar of cloud and in a pillar of fire by night. Now if Thou shalt kill all this people, as one man, then the nations will say: Because the Lord was not able to bring this people unto the land which he sware unto them, he hath slain them in the wilderness." And Moses quoted the Lord: "The Lord is long-suffering and of great mercy, forgiving and"— He prayed:

"Pardon the iniquity of this people according to the greatness of thy mercy, and as thou hast forgiven them from Egypt until now."

The Lord answered, reminding Moses that He had pardoned them again and again on his advice.

But He reminded him also that He had a purpose other than merely favoring the Jews: He had the world to save; He needed a prophetic nation to set an example to the world, and that purpose must be served.

"As truly as I live," He said, "all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." And He gave His judgment:

"Because all these men which have seen my glory, and my miracles, which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness, and have tempted me now these ten times and not harkened to my voice:

"They shall not see the land which I sware unto their fathers: neither shall any of them that provoked me see it, but my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him and hath followed me fully, him will

I bring into the land wherein he went; and his seed shall possess it."

And there was just one more little test.

Recall now that the Amalekites and the Canaanites dwelt in that valley. Whether to attack them or retreat was the decisive next move to be made. And the Lord gave the decision in His final command to Moses.

"Tomorrow turn you and get you into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea."

Moses must have been dumbfounded. Aaron joined him, and the Lord repeated his instructions to them both, now, with a reminder of what He had long-suffered for His people.

"How long shall I bear with this evil congregation? They murmur against me, and I have heard the murmurings which they murmur. Say unto them that as they have spoken in mine ears, so will I do to them. Say that the Lord saith:

"Your carcasses shall fall in this wilderness. All that were numbered of you (in the census taken at Sinai), the whole number from twenty years old upward, that have murmured against me:

"Ye shall not come into the land, save Caleb, the son of Jepunneh and" (He remembered now and added) "Joshua, the son of Nun.

"But your little ones, which ye said should be a prey, them will I bring in and they shall know the land which ye have despised. As for you, your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness. Your

children shall wander in the wilderness forty years and put up with your whoredoms until your carcasses be wasted. The number of days in which ye searched the land, even forty days; each day for a year, even forty years, shall ye carry around your iniquities and ye shall know my breach of promise. I, the Lord, have said, I will surely do it unto all this evil congregation gathered here against me: in this wilderness they shall be consumed and there they shall die."

And behold, the men sent to search the land who returned and slandered it with an evil report, died of the plague right then and there before the Lord; while Joshua and Caleb lived still.

When Moses told these sayings to the people, they mourned greatly. And they rose up early in the morning and gat them up into the top of the mountain, saying,

"Lo, here we are and we *will* go unto the place which the Lord promised."

Moses, warned by God, warned them: "Wherefore now do ye transgress the commandment of the Lord" (to turn back into the wilderness). "It shall not prosper. Don't go up, for the Lord is not with you. You will be smitten before your enemies."

They would not listen. They could not learn. The ark of the covenant and Moses departed not out of camp. And yet they presumed to go, and the strewing of their carcasses in the wilderness

was begun. The Amalekites came down and the Canaanites which lived on that hill, and smote them and discomfited them all the way back to Hormah.

X

THE WISDOM, JUSTICE AND LOVE OF GOD

THE wanderings of Israel ended at the River Jordan toward the close of the fortieth year in the eleventh month, on the first day of the month, and it came to pass on that day, on a plain near Jericho, this side the river over against the Red Sea, that Moses spake to all the hosts of Israel. And verily the prophet could speak now. His uncircumcised lips had been opened, his slow tongue was swift. The man of action had no longer need of Aaron, the orator. Having things to say, he could say them himself, and eloquently:

"Harken, O Israel, hear ye . . . . My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, as the showers upon the grass."

Moses' last address there at the Jordan is variously edited and badly reported, but the few pure pools that remain of it mark the courses of a flood that poured forth the story of the Children of Israel from the dark night of Egypt to the purple dawn of this self-same day when they, the people, were to cross the river unto the Land of

Promise which he, their faithful leader, was to look at from the top of a hill and die. And the end of the epic is a song, the prophetic hymn of the seer about to be gathered to the fathers sung to their children's children unto the third, fourth and—fortieth generation.

In the simple wisdom of his great age, the grand old leader's chronicle became a prophecy, which we have seen fulfilled, of the stories of other peoples that have risen like Israel and fallen like the Jews. With the history of man that is behind us, the news of the day all around us and the revelations of Messianic science before our eyes, we can see that those forty dread years which, for the Chosen People, were a hopeless, aimless period of misery and suffering, were, for the Lord, a short day of transition and divine selection. Moses said God called it a "proving," and he chronicles the proofs: the famishing marches, the hungry camps; the battles, conspiracies, and rebellions; the God-given victories that blessed obedience, the defeats that humbled insurrection; the law-makings and the law-breakings, the great judgments, the miraculous mercies. The people protested, they revolted; they were rebels all the way all the time; as Moses reminded them that day.

"Remember," he said, "and forgot not how, from the day that thou departedst out of Egypt till ye came to this place, ye have been rebellious

against the Lord. . . . . Ye have been rebels from the day that I knew you."

A great people! But they did not, they could not—no people has ever been able to understand largely and enjoy in detail the grinding process of change. The Jews were moving. They were on a trek from one kind of a life into another; from an orderly, petty, but accustomed condition of culture and slavery to the wide liberty of open plains and uncrowned hills; from an irrigated system of husbandry and policed tyranny to free farming and self-government. Moses said it beautifully.

"The land whither thou goest is not as the Land of Egypt, where thou sowest thy seed and waterest it with thy foot; as a garden of herbs. The land whither thou goest is a land of hills and valleys, and drinkedst water of the rain of heaven. The Lord (not the Pharaoh) careth for it. His eyes are upon it always, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

And therefore was it that he besought them, again, to harken diligently to the new commandments which he was forever commanding. A new country, new ways. They must unlearn their old slave laws, abandon old habits and virtues, bury their dead laws and despise their outgrown gods. They must learn new ideals, statutes, customs and a little higher religion. That is what a people in progress have to do. And they could not do it; they cannot; not the older

generation, neither of the people of Israel, nor of the Russians, nor—of any other people.

Men are taught that the knowledge of good and evil, right for the day and place in which they live, is right; not momentarily good, but for all time everywhere. All else is evil. And the good people learn this that is taught them falsely; the better they are the better they learn it. Hence it is that all reforms, revolutions and religions take at least a generation to establish; and that, first Moses, then Jesus, and after them every great progressive prophet meets the worst opposition from the so-called good, better and best people. Sinners and the lowly are for; the good are against God. And it is their virtues that are at fault.

It is man's morality, his fixed ideas of good and evil, that, from the divine point of view, are immoral.

"Your little ones," said the Lord, "your children, which had no knowledge of good and evil, they shall go in, and unto them I will give it (the land). They shall possess it, but, as for you . . . . the wilderness."

This may seem unjust but, coming from the Lord, it must be just; and it is illuminating. It makes clear that "the generation" taken to establish a new idea is not time needed for propaganda and education, but for the good men and women "of conviction" to die or be killed off. For, according to the story of the Exodus, a

transition is not merely a passing from one country or condition to another, but from one generation to another; natural (divine) selection is not only of the fit to live but of the unfit to—die. And the hardest lesson of all is, not that the reactionaries must die, but that, in the acid test of the actual wilderness of revolution, all of an older generation are reactionaries. Liberals as well as conservatives; radicals, like reformers, are finally found to be against God and His purposes.

The Lord God killed off the whole of the Egyptian generation of the Jews.

The facts and figures Moses quoted in his speech are unmistakable. A census taken recently in that very plain of Moab numbered the hosts of Israel at "six hundred thousand and one thousand seven hundred and thirty" (601,730) and "among those was not a man" counted at the census of Sinai some thirty-eight years before. As the Lord had foreseen and, indeed, declared, none of the people that were grown-up in Egypt was left alive to cross the Jordan into the Land of Promise. Not one—of the people.

And of the leaders only two: Caleb and Joshua. Moses, reciting his own doom, recalled the fate of the others. Most of them became, like Moses, leaders of revolt, but their revolts were against Moses and the Lord. God struck them dead; consumed them with fire; or the earth opened at Moses' behest, and swallowed them alive. It may

seem unjust to punish so terribly these men for doing what the Lord inspired Moses to do, but we have to remember that divine justice may be more just than human justice; that our conception of right and wrong may be of the passing ideas, which the Lord today is killing us off to get rid of, and that our conduct, which is so often better than our convictions, may give us a clue to the theory of the All-Wise and His conduct. We approve leaders who postpone a war, but when war is declared and we (or our children) are fighting, we are impatient with pacificism and sometimes cruel to pacifists. In a revolution, the virtues that fostered it become vicious sins; the revolutionists kill counter-revolutionists. There seems to be some old law of nature to the effect that when the herd or the hosts are on the way, even though it be not the best way, then all must move together or be trampled. Virtues and vices, like everything else, have their time and place. The time for pacificism is before the war is begun; prevention. The time for revolt is before, not after revolution. The time for thought and speech is not after and during, but before action. The place of disobedience is Egypt, not the wilderness, where discipline, law and order are vital, as the Lord sought to teach the leaders of Israel.

Kadesh was the fateful place for the great leaders. Miriam died and was buried there. It was from Kadish that the investigating commit-

tee was sent over to spy out the land. And Aaron and Moses committed there the sin for which, according to the scribes, they were condemned.

Now Miriam may have been the little sister who so cunningly contrived to have the Egyptian princess call for his mother to nurse the babe, Moses, discovered in the bulrushes. But Miriam is called "the sister of Aaron," not of Moses, and she was a partisan, if not the prompter of the high priest's timid conspiracies. Evidently the Lord blamed her, since He punished her, not Aaron, for their treason. She appears always as spirited, strong, a leader, certainly of the women, and one would think she would be useful in a new, rough country. But, like a woman, she was loyal, not to God and a cause, but to a man: a brother, and, of course, not the strong brother, Moses, but the weak one, for whom her strength was ambitious. That was probably her sin. The white leprosy with which the Lord struck her for it once lends color to the interpretation of the punishment as a satirical rebuke for her color prejudice: The Lord made her whiter than she could possibly have desired Moses' Ethiopian wife to be. But leprosy is no joke, even for a week. That infliction and her death this side of Jordan were probably for her disloyalty to the chosen dictator; a sign that she might prove a nuisance and, therefore, was unfit for the new life ahead. Miriam would not have liked the discipline of it.

This was the test which ten of the twelve chiefs of tribes sent over to report on the land of promise could not survive. They did not like it. It is the acid test of a revolution and, probably, of heaven: whether we like it. The twelve chiefs saw the land; they traveled through it for forty days; and it was good land, as they discovered and said, but there were people already there: tall men; and high-walled cities. Ten of the twelve did not care to fight, conquer and then work to create a land of milk and honey. Their interest was in a heaven all ready-made, just as in our day, leaders of thought, of parties, tribes, even of revolutionary propaganda: wise men, sincere men and great, have gone over into Russia and been disappointed because, forsooth, there was no milk and honey there, no liberty and order, but only work and discipline and promises.

God killed the ten on the spot; they were not fit, would be no use, but only a hindrance. He saved the two: Caleb and Joshua, because, though they had seen the country and measured the cost of it in war and work, they were eager to go and take and hold and make it. Wherefore the Lord said they were to go, they, and they alone of the old civilized generation; they had proved their fitness, they and none others; not even Moses.

And Moses could not understand this. He gave several explanations. In his Jordan speech he said that God told him then and there, at Kadesh, that he could not go and he thought it was be-

cause of His rage at the people who voted with the ten against the minority report of Caleb and Joshua.

"Also the Lord was angry with me for your sakes, saying, Thou also shalt not go in, etc., etc."

And again, when Moses was arranging for the great cattle families of Reuben and Gad to take up the good pasture land this side Jordan—while he was in communion with the Lord on that matter, the prophet begged for permission to go, if only to look at the land.

"O Lord God," he prayed, "let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, the goodly mountain and Lebanon." But, Moses says, "The Lord was wroth with me on account of you (the people) and would not hear me."

The Lord did make one concession to His faithful servant; as usual. He would Himself show him the land, but from a mountain afar off; "not nearer."

"Let that (the view) suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah and lift up thine eyes westward and northward and southward and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan."

This was hard, and Moses lamented the decision against him. The people (the survivors of the wilderness, the chosen) that had been brought forth, purged out of the iron furnace, were to go in and inherit, "But I," their faithful leader cried,

"I must die in this land. I must not go over Jordan."

This testimony Moses gave, and yet he and most commentators have offered another as the true explanation of his exclusion: the incident of the rock of Meribah at Kadesh where there was no water. The congregation gathered against Moses and Aaron, and chode with Moses. "Would God we had died when our brothers died before the Lord!" And "Why have ye brought us into the wilderness?" "Wherefore have ye made us come up out of Egypt into this evil place? It is no place of seed or of figs or of pomegranates." There isn't even water to drink! The old story, the old slave cry, heard in all crises, and Moses and Aaron, exasperated, took it up to the Lord. He bade them go to the rock, speak to it before the people and smite it with the rod. That would bring forth water for man and beast.

No doubt the understanding was that Moses and the high priest were to perform the miracle in the name of the Lord, and Moses did take the rod as God commanded; and he gathered the people, but, in his rage, the prophet said nothing of God.

"Hear now, ye rebels," he said, "must *we* fetch you water out of the rock?" And he lifted up his rod, and he smote, and the water came out abundantly. The congregation and their animals drank, and the hosts moved on to Mount Hor. Then the Lord spake unto Moses, saying:

"Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given the Children of Israel because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar, his son, up into Mount Hor. Strip Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazar his son."

And Moses did so; he stripped Aaron, put his vestments upon his son and Aaron died there on the top of the mount, and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount.

Nothing is said in the narrative about the punishment of Moses with Aaron, but in the prophet's speech at Jordan, toward the end of it, just before the song, he comes to it again. He tells how the Lord bade him turn over the command to Joshua, saying:

"Behold thy days approach that thou must die. Call Joshua and present yourselves in the tabernacle that I may give him a charge." And Moses and Joshua went and the Lord appeared in the pillar of cloud and said: "Thou (Moses) shalt sleep with thy fathers . . . . . " And he gave Joshua the charge, saying: "Be strong and of good courage: for thou shalt bring the Children of Israel into the land. I will be with thee."

And mournfully Moses comes to the close of his story: "I am a hundred and twenty years old this day. I can no more go out and come in: also the Lord hath said unto me: Thou shalt not go over Jordan." He comes back ever to this,

the great tragedy of his life, and in the emotion of it, he prophesies, warns, exhorts, pleads with the Children, until he breaks into the song:

"Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak, and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. . . . . "

And when he had made an end of speaking, and his song was sung, the Lord came to him and spake the final, dread sentence, saying:

"Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo . . . . and behold the land. And die in the mount and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in Mount Hor:

"Because ye trespassed against me among the Children of Israel at the waters of Meribah-Kadesh; because ye sanctified me not in the midst of the Children of Israel. Thou shalt see the land before thee; but thou shalt not go thither."

And Moses blessed the tribes, each by its chief; and all Israel he blessed: "Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help . . . " And with these blessings on his lips, he went to meet his God.

"Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho: and the Lord met him there and showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan; and all Naphtali, and the land of Manasseh, and the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord

said, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee, Moses, to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab and he buried him in a valley thereof over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. And though he was a hundred and twenty years old when he died, his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. He might have gone over. The Children of Israel wept for him thirty days, and when the days of mourning were ended, Joshua did as the Lord had commanded Moses; he was full of wisdom and the Children of Israel hearkened unto him. They followed Joshua over Jordan, and they made war and they took and they held the land. But Joshua was not as Moses; and there arose not a prophet since like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face, in all the signs and wonders which the Lord sent him to do in Egypt, and in all that mighty land, and in all the great terror which Moses shewed in the sight of all Israel.

The death of Moses on the peak of Pisgah, surveying with God the land of the future of his people, humanly tragic, is divinely beautiful as it was divinely planned. It must be right. Wherefore it is right for

us to try to understand the wisdom, the justice and the grace of it. And we have a light in which to see it, a light that Moses and his priesthood did not have.

There have been other leaders since Moses; there has been another prophet sent by that same Lord God of Israel. And Jesus found that Moses had so smitten the rock of Israel that no more pure water could be brought forth from it. The Chosen People had so learned the knowledge of good and evil which the Lord taught Moses to teach them for their day, that they could not hearken unto the Son of God when He came to teach them the next step onward. And after Jesus—

It was wise to take Moses away. A prophet for the revolt and the wilderness, he was not fit for the fighting days of conquest. After the revolution, Napoleon; after Moses, Joshua. And after Joshua, the Judges; after the Judges, the Kings; and after David and Solomon—Moses again, the Messiah, Jesus. Round and round the wheel rolls, lifting true leaders, dropping the faithless. The Lord crushed out the lesser leaders for their disloyalty; not Moses. He was faithful, the one faithful servant. God read him before,—He condemned him at the Rock, but He saved him, even when He gathered Aaron for their common sin. He kept Moses after His wisdom had foreseen that he must go. For He loved Moses, even as He loved Jesus, and He took His servant as He took His Son, at the late last moment, when wisdom, justice and loving mercy all cried together for—salvation. For behold:

Moses had seen, he had been over in the Land of Promise.

It was his vision; it had filled his whole being, always, so that he had lived all his life in the heaven of the future; a blessed gift given only to a few, the prophets and poets among men. That was Moses' happiness, his reward. But the people who believed in him and followed him, they had not had his vision. They had not lived and communed with God in the beautiful future, but darkly in Egypt and blindly in the wilderness, seeing and hearing and communing only with Moses.

It was just, therefore, that they, the people, should go over into the actual land that had been promised them by Moses and that Moses should not.

And verily it was merciful. Moses' land of promise was a place of the imagination, and of an imagination inspired by God. It must have been beautiful beyond compare: free, fair and—finished. No real country could possibly be so perfect. And the real country which the people actually went into when Moses died was a rough land, full of rocks and enemies, barbarous tribes that regarded it as their property. It had to be fought for, conquered, cleared, ploughed, planted, watered—created. The Children of Israel had to go to war and to work on it, and by generations of slow, hard labor make it what it could be made. And they did that, as we know. They fought and died, lived and toiled, and they made out of it, finally, the Kingdom of Solomon, which must indeed have been wonderful. But this took time, more years than

Moses could possibly have lived to see. And even then, it was, as we know now—the Kingdom of Solomon in all its glory was not as heavenly as Moses must, in his imagination, have conceived the Land of Promise to be. And before the days of Solomon and after them—The Land of Promise never kept the promise the prophet Moses made to the people for it.

Moses would have been disappointed. The Russian revolutionists and the other revolutionists who have gone through hell dreaming of heaven only to wake up on earth—they and their anguish have shown us in our day that Moses would have been brokenhearted if he had lived on and gone over thither. And Jehovah, in His wisdom, knew that; He knew that heaven is not paved with gold, and that it should not be. He knew and He knows that lands of promise are nothing but lands of opportunity, where men, by their labor, by their growing strength and by their dawning intelligence, may make, if they will, not only a good, but a beautiful living; and not only a beautiful life but a beautiful race of men.

That is what the Lord God, in His wisdom, foresaw; that is why, in His supreme justice, He let the people go on; that is why, in His mercy, He spared His faithful servant as He spared His only beloved Son.

THE END

Date Due

12/11/35			
10/28			
9-2-49			
11-2-58			
MAR 31	1964		
NOV 4	1966		
MAR 14	1973		

Library Bureau Cat. no. 1137